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The Bystander, January 25. 1928 No. 1258 Vol. XCVII

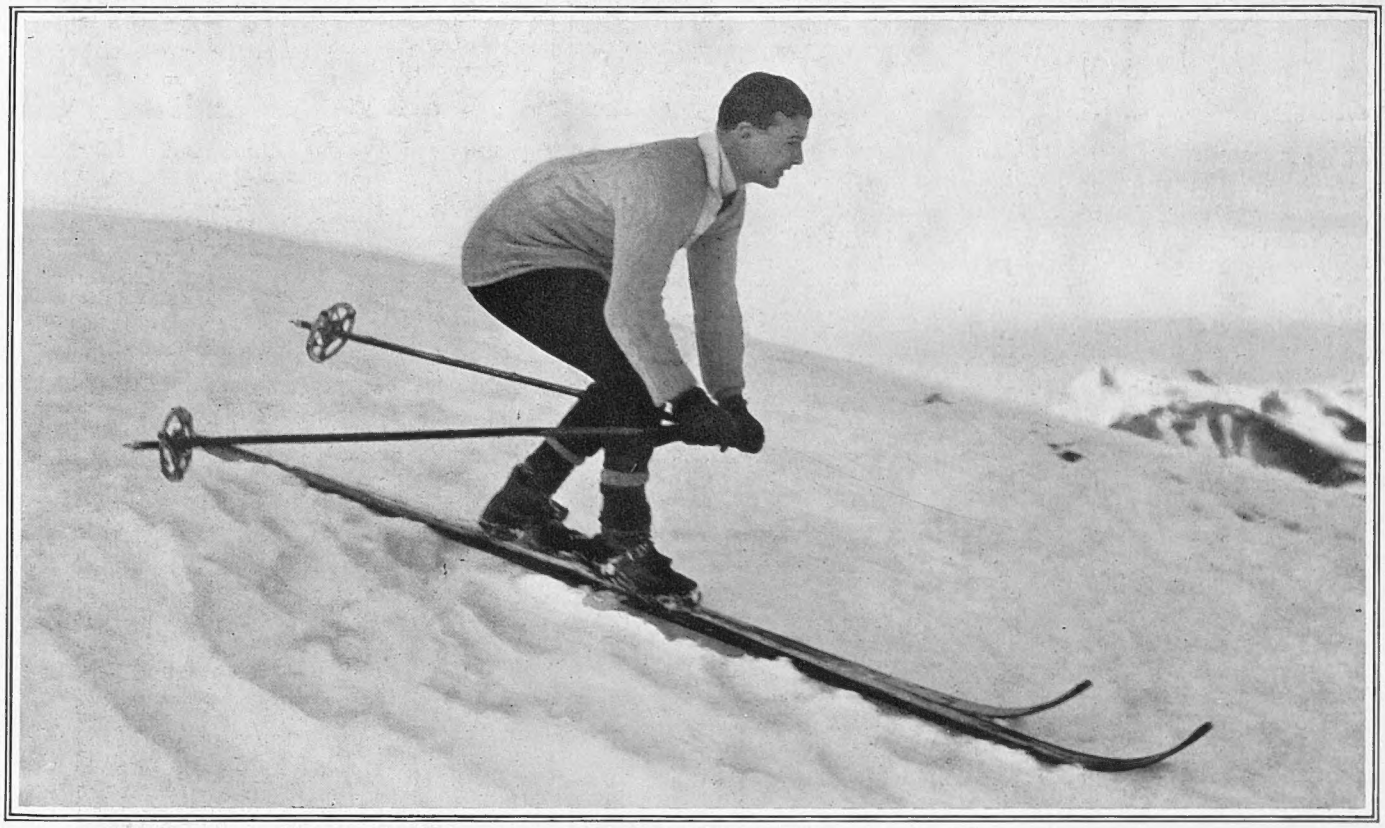
The BYSTANDER

Specially painted for "The Bystander" by Coller

FAMOUS RUGBY PLAYERS—No. 13—SIR T. G. DEVITT

One of England's fastest wing-threequarters and a greatly improved defensive player. He learnt his Rugger at Sherborne, and was in the Cambridge side for three years

A Ski-ing "Who's Who" at Mürren



THE CAMBRIDGE SKIPPER

Mr. Howard Ford photographed on the slopes at Mürren. He is Captain of the Cambridge University Ski Team, and a well-known figure at this popular Winter Sports resort

Photographs AN ANGLO-SWISS ENCOUNTER *Central Press*

Captain and Mrs. Broughton-Leigh photographed watching the Anglo-Swiss straight ski race at Mürren. Captain Broughton-Leigh is a well-known ski-ing expert

ROYALTY AT THE CINEMA *G.P.U.*

A photograph taken at the gala performance of M. Citröen's film, "The Black Journey," at the Plaza in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. The group includes Princess Arthur of Connaught (left), the Duke of York, Sir Lionel Halsey, the Duchess of York, Mme. Citröen the Duchess of Portland, M. Citröen, the Prince of Wales, and Sir Godfrey Baring

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Visitors to Sandringham

THE KING AND QUEEN are less favoured than the majority of their subjects. Actually, there are only two periods in the year when the cares and duties of State give them the freedom to be what they delight in being—the host and *châtelaine* of a country house. These periods are the weeks at Balmoral in the autumn and the few weeks at Sandringham between Christmas and the opening of Parliament.

Wherever the King and Queen may be the *Court Circular* is a dry-as-dust affair. At Balmoral and Sandringham it is chiefly concerned with announcing the arrival and departure of members of the Royal Family and other people. But in these last weeks these bald announcements have actually been a chronicle of Royal friendships—friendships that date back for years.

The friendship between the King and the Queen and the Dowager Countess of Gosford, who has been one of Their Majesties' recent guests at Sandringham, may be said to have been inherited on both sides. Lady Gosford was for many years Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Alexandra, and one of her closest friends. Her husband, the late Earl of Gosford, was an intimate friend of King Edward, as was also her mother, Louise Duchess of Devonshire, who used to be known as "the Double Duchess," because she was Duchess of Manchester when she married the late Duke of Devonshire.

Another recent visitor to Sandringham was Lord Revelstoke, one of the King's most intimate friends. He is a partner in the great financial firm of Barings, which he was largely instrumental, when only twenty-seven, in saving from the fate which befell so many financial houses thirty-eight years ago during one

Sport and General

THE NEW DUKE

The former Earl of March, who succeeds to the Dukedoms of Richmond and Gordon on the death of his father, with the Duchess. He served with distinction in the South African War and in the Great War

Central News

THE LATE DUKE

The seventh Duke of Richmond and second Duke of Gordon, whose death recently occurred at Goodwood. He was the oldest duke, being eighty-two when he died

Hay Wrightson

THE COUNTESS OF MARCH

Whose marriage to the then Lord Settrington took place on December 15 last year. She was formerly Miss Elizabeth Grace Hudson

of the worst panics ever experienced in the City. Away from the City Lord Revelstoke is a clever musician, and gives pleasant musical parties at his house in Carlton House Terrace, which is next door to that of the Duke of Roxburghe.

Other guests have been Colonel Sir Henry Streatfeild, for many years private secretary to Queen Alexandra, and Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, who was Viceroy of India when the King and Queen held the famous Durbar at Delhi shortly after their accession.

An Enviable Appointment

APPOINTMENTS to the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* are regarded in the Navy as enviable prizes. Commander the Hon. George Fraser, who has just been appointed to the yacht, is the only sailor in a family of soldiers. His father, Lord Saltoun, was in the Grenadiers; his elder brother, the Master of Saltoun, is a captain in the Gordon Highlanders; and his younger brother, Major the Hon. William Fraser, who is Mr. Cyril Maude's son-in-law, is in the same regiment. Another brother, the Hon. Simon Fraser, who was also in the Gordon Highlanders, was killed early in the War.

A STIFF JUMP *I.B.*

The field photographed taking the first jump in the Newchapel Steeplechase at Lingfield. Another Encounter (M. Farragher up) was the winner of this event

A DERBY DAY *Alfieri*

Lady Brocklehurst, Mr. Harry Brown, and Mrs. Horace Colemore photographed smiling the smile that betokens the defeat of a bookmaker. This was at the recent Derby Steeplechases

L.N.A.

WITH THE COTTESMORE

The Countess of Brecknock photographed with her daughter, Lady Mary Pratt, at a recent meet of the Cottesmore. This took place at Stapleford Park

Royal Purveyors

EVERY year the *London Gazette* sets out the list of those tradesmen who hold the Royal Warrant. This authorises them to use the Royal lion and unicorn on their business stationery with the words, "By appointment to H.M. the King," and also to display the Royal Arms upon their shopfronts. Over a thousand tradesmen hold the King's Warrant, and some seven hundred have authority to describe themselves as being "By appointment" to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Queen Alexandra, King Edward VII, and Queen Victoria, and to use the arms appropriate in each case.

The list is of astonishing variety. The King has a kilt manufacturer in Edinburgh, a lamb food manufacturer at King's Lynn, a cake manufacturer in Liverpool, and purveyors of Angostura bitters in Trinidad, orange curacao in Amsterdam, hard lawn tennis courts in Syston, and Royal cipher badges and socks at Aligirah in India. There are eleven bakers, thirty-one butchers, fourteen fishmongers, twelve coal-dealers, and six milkmen.

The Queen's "by appointments" include manufacturers of pins and hairpins, Christmas crackers, a shawl merchant in Delhi, and an agency for theatre and concert tickets. The Prince of Wales has twelve tailors, one of them being in Australia. Others who hold his appointment are manufacturers of safety razors, mineral waters, musical instruments, and dental cream. He is supplied with beer and cider from Southsea and silks from Kyoto, in Japan.

OUT WITH THE GUNS *Express*

The Marquess of Ailesbury photographed with his son, the Earl of Cardigan. This was at a recent successful shoot in Savernake Forest

The Late Duke of Richmond

LONGEVITY runs in the Gordon-Lennox family. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who died at Goodwood last week, was eighty-two. His father, whom he succeeded when he himself was fifty-eight, lived to be eighty-five. Each of the seven Dukes of Richmond has been called Charles after Charles II, who created his son by the Duchess of Portsmouth the first Duke of Richmond. Louis XIV created the same lady Duchess d'Aubigny in France, a title which is borne by the Dukes of Richmond to-day, and makes them the holders of four dukedoms—Richmond, Lennox, Gordon, and d'Aubigny. The dukedom of Gordon is comparatively recent, having been created by Queen Victoria in 1846 in favour of the late Duke's father, who had succeeded to

the big estates of his mother's brother, the last Duke of Gordon of the first creation.

When he succeeded his father twenty-five years ago, the late Duke became the owner of something approaching 300,000 acres, practically all in Scotland, with the exception of Goodwood, but in recent years, like the majority of other landowners, he has disposed of considerable portions of the Scottish property.

By an unusual coincidence the new Duke is exactly the same age as his father when he succeeded—fifty-eight. His elder son was killed in the War, when the younger son became Lord Settrington. He will now assume his father's courtesy title of Earl of March, which was one of the peerages created by Charles II. The new Earl of March was married only recently to the daughter of the Vicar of Wendover. He is twenty-four and has a practical knowledge of motor engineering, having served his apprenticeship in a motor workshop.

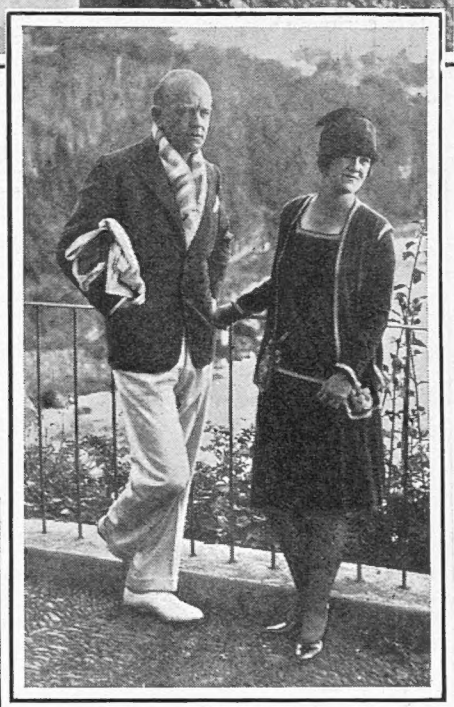
The late Duke, who was twice married, had been a widower for over forty years.

SUN WORSHIPPERS *Keystone*

Lady Butt watches Sir Alfred Butt take part in the daily bathing parade at Madeira. They recently joined the large number of English people who have followed the sun to this delectable spot

ON THE ROCKS— *Keystone*

But only in the literal meaning of the term! This party of visitors to Madeira consists of Mr. Hornby, Miss Nancy Barney, Miss Mary Allen, Mrs. Bartholomew, Mrs. Barney, and Miss Joan Allen



IN THE SUNSHINE *Keystone*

A photograph taken in sunny Madeira of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Clark. The latter is well known in the literary world, her novels appearing under the name of Christine Jope-Slade

YOUTH IN THE HUNTING FIELD *British Illus.*

Some young followers of the Tedworth Woodland photographed at the meet held recently at Savernake Lodge. The group comprises the Misses Anne Byron (left), Phœbe Howitt, Ruth Howitt, Rosalind Finlay, Lucy Byron, and Anne Howitt

He survived all his brothers and sisters with the exception of Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, who is a year his senior. The new Duchess of Richmond and Gordon was a relative of the late Earl Brassey.

A Fire and Two Peerages

BEFORE the end of the month Lord Ruthven will relinquish his post as G.O.C. of the London District, his place being taken by Major-General Corkran, until recently the Commandant at Sandhurst. Lord Ruthven has been immensely popular, and will be greatly missed.

Until two years before Lord Ruthven's succession, the title was held under curious conditions. The patent of the barony of Ruthven of Freeland was granted by Charles II, but a century later was burnt in a fire which destroyed the family house at Freeland, and nobody knew its exact terms. The family, however, took it that the title descended in the female line as well as the male, and that claim was recognised by a Baroness Ruthven being summoned to George II's Coronation. Each succeeding holder of the title was summoned to successive coronations as a Scottish peer, but, nevertheless, the College of Heralds refused to recognise the peerage, and for a hundred and sixty-nine years regarded each succeeding Lord Ruthven as a "claimant," although each one of them was summoned to vote at the election of representative peers for Scotland to the House of Lords.

I know of no parallel to this curious situation in any other family. However, the difficulty was removed by the creation of Lord Ruthven's father, nine years ago, as a baron of the United Kingdom, with the title of Lord Ruthven of Gowrie.

Lord Ruthven has four daughters, two of whom are those sprightly young women, the Hon. Margaret and the Hon. Alison Hore-Ruthven, who are known as the "Ruthven Twins." After being ardent amateur actresses and dancers, these two young ladies, who always go about together, and dress alike, have taken to the stage professionally.

Sport and General

PAS DE DEUX

Lord Dundas and Miss Rosemary Coke take a turn together round the rink. They are enjoying the winter sports at Pontresina

Heirs and Heiresses Beware!

Myself, I can quite understand that the younger generation find the older generation tiresome and putting-about. It always has been so. It always will be. Modern parents, however, do not seem to teach their children the very beginning of wisdom. And that is never to say what you really think about relations who have money. Here's a proof of parental neglect in this all-important matter.

There was a grandmother, rich, kind, and most generous. She had one daughter who had three children. The grandmother made the lives of those three children just what the Cinderellas of the world dream and long for. Everything two girls and a boy could desire was theirs—just a shower of everything to "make the dear children happy."

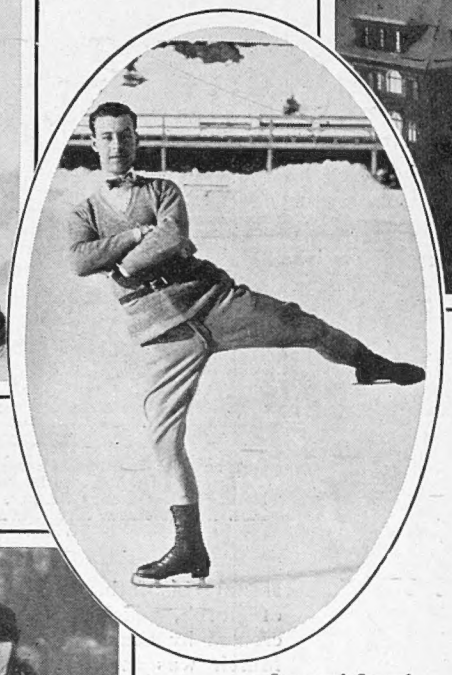
I suppose, like all elderly people, she expected a certain amount of attention and little services in return. This apparently the grandchildren found somewhat irksome, and one day one of them spoke of the grandmother as an "exacting, stuffy old trout." Unfortunately, the old lady heard this remark, which was followed by others of a similar kind.

But "stuffy old trout" annoyed her more than the rest. In fact, it annoyed her so much that she

Sport and General

A FAMILY OUTING

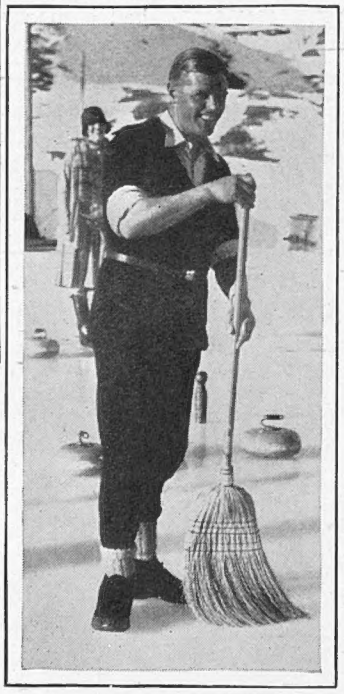
Lord Thirlestane, with his son and daughter, the Hon. Ivor and the Hon. Sylvia Maitland, on the rink at St. Moritz. The ice has been particularly good in Switzerland this season



Sport and General

MR. J. F. PAGE

Who is an expert skater, practising on the rink at St. Moritz



Central Press

SIR WILLIAM GRAY

Who is a regular visitor to Wengen, photographed "skipping" a rink. This was during a rag curling match at St. Moritz

Sport and General

AT ST. MORITZ

Mr. H. M. Martineau photographed on the ice at St. Moritz. He is British Delegate to the Olympic Games

Sport and General

A NOCTURNE FROM THE HOME OF WINTER SPORTS

A photograph taken at night from the Nursery Slopes at St. Moritz. The brilliant lighting of hotels, streets, and rink helps to emphasise the cold and sombre grandeur of the dark woods and snowy hills which encircle the Mecca of Winter Sports enthusiasts

married a retired post captain, informing her grandchildren that if he was kind to her she should leave him all her money; if he wasn't she should leave it to charity.

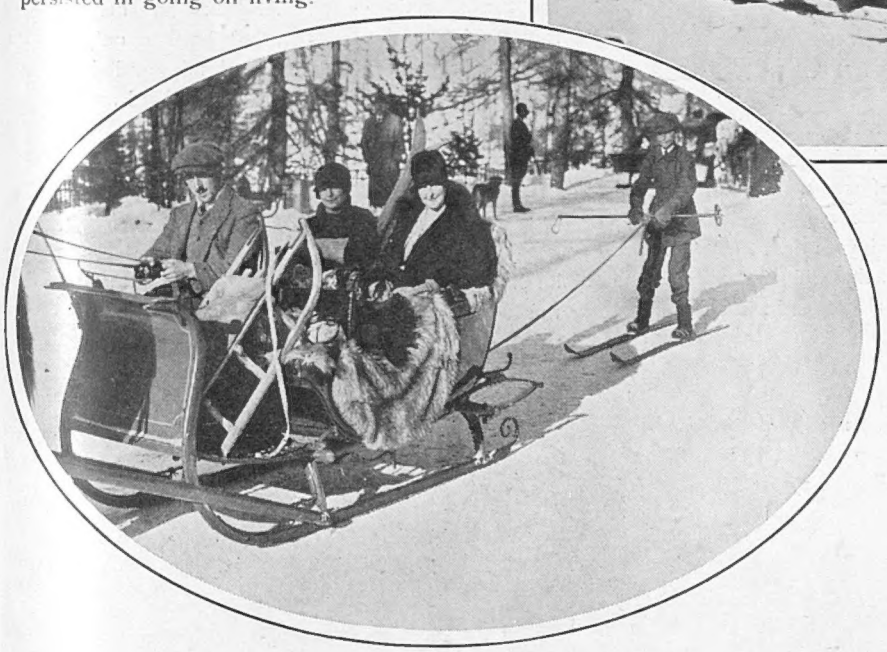
Forty Years of History

I HAVE just been reading a book which I think will be a Tom Tiddler's ground for the historian of the last two decades of the nineteenth century and up to our own time, when you and I are not "encumbering the earth any longer"—as the heir to an entailed estate said to a great-uncle who persisted in going on living.

Central Press

KEEPING FIT

Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan, Miss Pauline Hepworth and Mr. Paul Hepworth photographed on the slopes at Wengen. Mr. Gilligan is the well-known Sussex and England cricketer



Sport and General

OFF FOR A RUN

Lady Ursula Horne and the Countess of Clanwilliam photographed setting out for a sleigh run at Sils Maria, near St. Moritz. Lord Gillford is seen on skis behind the sleigh

The book is *Victorians, Edwardians, and Georgians* (Hutchinson, 2 vols.: 34s.), by John Boon, for many years the editor of the Exchange Telegraph Company. Mr. Boon has known everybody who is anybody, not only in England, but also all the big political and social figures on the Continent. His pages are so full of reminiscence that one is left marvelling at his memory of detail. No recent book of memoirs has been so kindly, and I can't recall one covering so long a period so vividly.

A Dancing Occasion

TO-MORROW, Thursday, the final heats of the Amateur Dancing Championship of Great Britain will be danced off at the Royal Albert Hall. Twenty-four districts, nine in London and fifteen in the provinces, will be represented at the grand ball which the Columbia Gramophone Company have organised, and quite apart from the competition final, dancing will be general from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. The tickets of admission cost 7s. 6d. each.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Changing Interests

A DAILY paper is an extraordinarily catholic thing. All sorts of interests are represented, and those interests are always changing. Suppose you took a hundred people at random and asked them why they bought a morning or evening paper. It is extremely probable that no two people would give you anything like the same answer.

Snow at Gstaad

AND we don't buy them for the same reason two days together. Now it is a Rugger match at Twickenham; now it is the Channel crossing—Very Rough!—now it is the depth of snow at Gstaad or Pontresina. Which brings me to my point. Each night my evening paper prints a chart in which the falls of snow in Switzerland are recorded, and to me this has been the most fascinating feature in its varied columns.

All is Well!

AND I am not alone in this matter. Think of the anxious faces that have scanned this tiny feature during the past six weeks! How depressing to be starting for Switzerland on the morrow and to read: "No snow." How glorious to see it said of St. Moritz or Mürren:

Weather.	Snow in inches.
FINE.	12—16.

For as the boiled mutton is without caper sauce, so is Switzerland in winter without a decent blanketing of snow. Fortunately, all is now well in this direction, and those who deferred their holidays until February are shaking hands with themselves, happy in the knowledge that all their good times lie ahead of them.

The Only Optimist

ONE of the jolliest articles I have read on this subject was written by Edgar Wallace when he was staying at Caux. The snow was late in coming, and a busy author's holiday was drawing to its close. But the snow on this occasion had been coy, and there were anxious faces when the daily reading was taken on the hotel barometer. The only real optimist was the gardener, a weather-wise, walnut-featured native, who said that if they would only go to bed the snow would certainly be there in the morning. In siding with this prophet the writer explained that whereas the gardener was old in experience, the barometer was new, having been bought very lately in a shop at Berne!

Who is He?

LAST week, in a note on famous folk, I casually introduced the name of Aloysius Horn, giving no further particulars, and a reader now writes to ask: "Who is he?" Well, well, and likewise dearie me! Aloysius Horn is the old adventurer who has packed more thrills into his eighty odd years than any other living man. I can't begin to give details, because if I started I should have to write the entire issue of this BYSTANDER, and there would be no room left for the advertisements. Aloysius has been famous for some months, but he has only just returned to his native land, and is spending most of his time in being dined and *fêted* as he deserves.

Familiar Features

HIS book made a sensation in America, and when he is dining in public places he has to eat his food cold because of the number of admirers who wish to tell him what they think of him. At Simpson's the

other day there was a queue of Americans waiting to introduce themselves to this picturesque old buccaneer, and it was useless to discourage them, because they had all seen his picture, and his features are now as familiar as those of Hall Caine or Bernard Shaw. At a private dinner a humorist suggested that some of his stories had been coloured for library consumption, whereupon the old man whipped off his shirt to show the scars made by the lion's teeth and claws. No ordinary man, Aloysius!

Inspiration at the Abbey

THE complaint is frequently made that authors and artists do not get their fair meed of appreciation in this workaday world. Yet no king could have been more greatly honoured in his passing than the author of those Wessex novels who was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey last week. Young authors who need inspiration should study carefully the pictures of the funeral of Thomas Hardy and ask themselves if greater glory can be achieved in any of the more material walks of life. The list of pall-bearers alone should answer this question, including as it did Sir James Barrie, Sir Edmund Gosse, and those two great commoners, Rudyard Kipling and Bernard Shaw, who are popularly supposed to have achieved distinction, placing them upon an Olympus where the worldly baubles of the Honours List are of no particular importance.

Hardy Street, Adelphi

BY the way, might we not perpetuate the fame of our great ones by naming streets after them? I admit that those great ones should pass a very careful censorship, and that the responsible authority should not be swayed by political enthusiasms—lest we be overrun with Lenin Squares and Trotsky Crescents. But as Cannes has just decided to change the name of the Rue Continentale to the Rue Guy de Maupassant, so it would be rather pleasant to make the Adelphi a literary shrine in the manner suggested.

Football Casualties

THE fight for the Cup is fairly launched, and London is recovering from the disappointment caused by certain casualties. Chelsea, for instance, came a very early cropper, and we should have been happier if Millwall could have cleared the first of the big jumps. However, we have Arsenal and the 'Spurs left to do battle with the big battalions from the North, and as they both made a good showing we may yet see them fighting it out at Wembley—by the grace of the greyhounds!

Exit the Amateurs

THE early disappearance of the only two amateur teams—Corinthians and Calies—provided a disappointment which need not be taken too seriously. It is far more important that they should preserve their genuine amateur status than that they should shine among professionals by dubious methods. The "Cup" has been largely responsible for handing over Soccer to the paid players, and it is virtually a professional competition. I think it would be wiser to establish it on a definite professional basis, for it is hardly fair to amateur players that they should be made to appear inferior to men who make their living at the game. However, that is a point the amateurs must settle for themselves.

Improving Our Morals

I OBSERVE that the Resident Commissioner of certain South Pacific islands attributes the moral decadence of natives to the excessive wearing of clothes. I welcome this pronouncement, because it means that the morals of our own girls must have improved as a result of the scanty attire in which they have recently seen fit to garb themselves. And it will, I hope, be taken as an argument against the proposals from Paris to lengthen the skirt.

By David Wilson

WILL *THE* COOK "GET THE BIRD"?

Freedom and Progress

I AM glad to notice that Miss Evelyn Colyer is on my side in this matter. She has written for a Sunday paper an article in which she says that no amount of male criticism would make her lengthen her skirts. She sees in the short skirt the symbol of freedom and progress, and adds: "We did not unveil them to gratify the curiosity of the male sex, so why should we veil them when their curiosity has been satisfied?" And what I want to know is: Who are these men whose curiosity is supposed to have been satisfied? I don't believe they exist. Certainly, I have never met them.

"Henry V" at Hammersmith

THE Old Vic Company had a pleasant reception the other night for their rendering of *Henry V* at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Lewis Casson was "every inch an Englishman" as King Harry, and acted with fine restraint; while Pistol was admirably played by John Laurie, and Sybil Thorndike was attractive as Katharine in her duet with the English king. But the most powerfully acted scene of the play was, perhaps, the camp-fire interlude at dawn of that memorable St. Crispin's Day.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

The Big 'Chase

It is interesting to glance through the weights of the Grand National and to try to imagine what will happen when the race is run at the end of March. I confess to being somewhat appalled by the probable size of the field. It would seem that the owner of every decent steeplechaser has an entry in the great race. Anyway, there are a great many horses entered who, if allowed to compete, will assuredly serve only to choke the field and inconvenience the others. Never has there been such an entry for the Grand National, and the chances are that there will be more than forty competitors. Mr. Topham must have found it extremely difficult to differentiate between the bulk of the entrants, and the fact that he has grouped no fewer than thirty-six together on the 10 st. mark shows that he has had to abandon any attempt to give play to the lights and shades of the art of handicapping in this extraordinary race.

Looking for the Winner

For the time being I think we shall be well advised to leave all the bottom weights out of consideration. It is possible that as the winter season progresses one or two of them may present themselves as likely candidates, but for the time being I do not reckon them as being on the map. I shall be extremely surprised if the winner does not come from those horses which have been handicapped at 11 st. 7 lb. or more. I go further than this by expressing my conviction that Bright's Boy has the best chance of all of winning, in spite of his 12 st. 7 lb. This was the weight he carried into third place last season, and it will be recalled that in the preceding year he filled the same position behind Jack Horner.

Horse for the Course

This shows conclusively enough that he is one of those horses who are peculiarly well adapted to the Liverpool country, and if he keeps sound he ought to achieve a success at last in Mr. Sanford's colours. I had a good look at Bright's Boy last week just before he competed at Lingfield. This was his first outing since last season's Grand National, and in the meantime he has been under a cloud. It was highly satisfactory, therefore, to find the horse looking exceedingly well. Tom Leader, his trainer, came in for many congratulations on the appearance of Bright's Boy, and I know that he himself is decidedly pleased with the horse. Of course, there was no likelihood of Bright's Boy winning at Lingfield, for he has only lately got back into serious training. The gallop, however, will be of genuine advantage to him.

Which will "Ted" Ride?

He gave Cecil Rhodes something like an armchair ride, just as his trainer predicted he would do. I do not know whether arrangements have been made for Ted Leader to ride Bright's Boy at Liverpool, but if this plan is effected my confidence in the horse will be supreme. The difficulty is that his stable companion Sprig is still a great force to be reckoned with. He has only 3 lb. more to carry than he bore to victory last year, and in these circumstances it cannot be said that he is out of the picture. We shall await the developments in the Wroughton House stable with considerable curiosity. It will be worth a good deal to either horse to enjoy the services of the trainer's son.

By "The Tout"

"'CHASING BITS"

Mr. E. A. C. Topham, who is Clerk of the Course at Liverpool, is the handicapper of the Grand National, the weights of which all the world is now discussing. W. Parvin is the well-known jockey attached to Capt. Powell's stable, and Mr. F. W. Wilmot is the popular secretary of Lingfield Park. His brother, Major George Wilmot, is the secretary of the Lingfield Race Club

Mr. Barbour's Hopes

I wonder what Mr. Frank Barbour thinks of the weight accorded to Easter Hero. At 12 st. 5 lb. the Irish horse has been given a decidedly stiff task, and I expect it is a few pounds more than his owner expected him to get. At the same time, the handicapper was obliged to keep the horse on the safe side in view of his smart performances both at Aintree and Kempton Park in the early days of the season. Even with the severe burden it will not be surprising to find Easter Hero becoming a strong order for the race. These are early days in which to attempt to estimate Grant National prospects. One must, for example, wait to see how the French horses shape in their preparation over the English fences.

French Menace

The Coyote, who it is understood, will complete his preparation in the able hands of Walter Nightingall at Epsom, is representative of the best French steeplechasing form. He is a pretty smart customer, if we are to judge him by his success in the Grand Steeplechase de Paris last summer, and on that form he has not been harshly treated at 11 st. 13 lb. The Ace II, now trained by George Poole at Lewes, also has a good record in the premier French steeplechase. The handicapper has placed him 7 lb. below The Coyote, which seems to be a reasonable estimate of the respective merits of the two horses, though it is worth bearing in mind that The Ace II is two years younger than the other. I am not aware whether the Comte de Jumilhac seriously contemplates sending Maguelonne to Liverpool. Following her successes at Auteuil in the autumn I notice that she has been doing well at Nice this month, and, all things considered, I do not think her owner can complain of the way in which she has been handicapped.

From the U.S.A.

I doubt very much whether we have a great deal to fear from the two American horses which have been entered for this race. Burgoright did not cut a very gay figure at Lingfield last week, and I imagine his trainer is by no means enamoured of his prospects at Aintree. On the contrary, I have the idea that Robert Gore is hopeful of winning the prize with Amberwave, who, unfortunately, did not appear at Lingfield owing to the fact that he injured himself at Gatwick. I really hardly like venturing upon a definite selection for the race two months before the date of running, but I believe that if all goes well with **Bright's Boy** he possesses a first-rate chance.

The Photographer "Finds" at Some Recent Hunt Balls

AT BRIGHTON *British Illus.*

A group showing Mr. Blake, Sir R. Blaker, Mr. A. Ramsden, Mrs. Eric Taylor, Mr. Alec Law, Mrs. Boswell Preston, Mr. Boswell Preston, Mr. Eric Taylor, Miss Knight, and Mr. H. Law at the Brighton Beagles Hunt Ball. It was held at the Metropole Hotel

BETWEEN DANCES *British Illus.*

Dancers at the Tenby Hunt Ball, held at the Balence Gardens Pavilion, Tenby. The party comprises Miss Joan Davies-Evans, Miss Kathleen Howard, Miss Rosemary Nicholson, Mr. Brothoue-Benyon, Mr. R. De G. Hunter, Baron de Rutzen, Mr. R. O. Rock, and Mr. G. Morgan Jones

IN IRELAND *Sport and General*

The Limerick Hunt Ball was held at the Earl of Dunraven's seat, Adare Manor, where the above photograph was taken. It shows, standing: Mr. A. Pollock (left) and Major Clark. Seated: Lady Dorothie Moore, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Persse, Capt. R. B. Brassey, M.F.H., Mrs. Brassey, and the Earl of Dunraven

BEFORE THE CAMERA *News Illus.*

A photograph of some hunting folk who put in an appearance at the Blackmore Vale Hunt Ball at Sherborne. Seen standing are Mr. Gale (left), Miss Northey, Major-General Sir Edward Northey, Mr. Morel, and Mr. Northey. Seated: Lady Northey (left), Mrs. Morel, Miss Morel, and Miss Beadle

Photographs DANCE-TIME AT CIRENCESTER *Dennis Moss*

Cirencester has been busy lately, where the V.W.H. (Crickdale) and the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) have held their respective Hunt Balls at Bingham Hall. The left-hand photograph, taken at the V.W.H. (Crickdale) Hunt Ball, includes Mr. and Mrs. Howarth, Major Robinson, Mr. H. Vestey, Colonel S. Percy-Smith, Capt. Corbett, Miss Vestey, Mr. R. Cripps, and Mrs. Boyd. On the right are seen the Cotswold Farm house party who attended the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt Ball. Included in the group are Major Dearman Birchall, M.P., Mrs. Dearman Birchall, the Misses and Mr. Dearman Birchall, Miss Barran, Miss Gatty, Miss M. Raphael Mr. Davie, Mr. Usher, Mr. Kaye, and Mr. Sinclair

CAMBRIDGE

THE re-opening of the Festival Theatre is an event of interest at the beginning of a Cambridge term. I was at the opening night, and, naturally, I was delighted with a big improvement that Terence Gray has made in the theatre during the vacation. Indeed, so big is the new bar that every enthusiast of the New Drama can have his drink at one time—a convenience which, in my judgment, will be most helpful for appreciation of the new art.

Herbert Prentice is no longer producing this term, which is, perhaps, somewhat staggering for the Festival. I am consoled, however, by the fact that T. G. Saville has been promoted to be assistant producer. Tom has always been popular in Cambridge. He has been with the company from the beginning, doing all the heavy parts, tragic heroes, emperors, prime ministers, and such like, and his new work as producer should be at least entertaining.

I had always imagined that the gossip-mongers kept their gossip for princes of the blood, heavily ennobled brewers, notorious Oxford intellectuals, and other People who Matter. Now I see they have started on the innocent Cambridge man. I read in a Sunday paper the other day confident suggestions of an engagement between a recent President of the Union, who is still in residence, and the daughter of a very well-known political leader. Convincing evidence was given in the fact that the young lady is shortly going up to speak for the young gentleman in his new constituency. Even Dr. Broad in his lair in Trinity would find it hard to confound this logic!

By Mac

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

A. D. Bonham-Carter, the Light Blue Weight Putter, who already has his Blue for Soccer. He is 6ft. 7in. in height and still growing. With him is Dan Hayward, the cheery groundsman at Fenner's

Sport and General

THE VARSITIES AT RYE

R. H. Wethered and R. H. Oppenheimer photographed on the Rye Golf course. This was on the occasion of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's meeting for the President's Putter

A sad incident occurred in Portugal Place last week. A few rowing men had got together, as rowing men do, and, as rowing men also do, they were talking of this and that. They were, unfortunately, somewhat loud-voiced men, and, equally unfortunately, their language was as little modulated as their voices. Ultimately so loud became their voices and so unusual their language that an elderly lady walking down Portugal Place felt compelled by her duty to the community to fetch a policeman. The rowing men went to bed that night and dreamt of Pentonville.

By Jock

HE OF THE SKIS

Howard Ford, Cambridge's bright particular skiing star, registering determination. He was a prominent member of the British Universities team against the Swiss Universities

However, next day the judicious police authorities handed on the case to the college dean, and those wicked rowing men are now "gated" at half-past eight each night. Still, the incident has sent a shudder through University society. Even a Rugger Blue now says "How regrettable!" when he finds his bicycle "borrowed"; and, except in specially soundproof combination rooms, even dons, after the port, are reduced to telling riddles. It is fine to see how one elderly lady, backed by the majesty of the law and the rightness of her cause, can so defy so great a University.

With reference to what I said last week about the Cambridge train service a correspondent informs me that, many years ago, there were trains from London to Cambridge, both on the G.N.R. and the G.E.R., faster than any to-day. Which only goes for to show, as they say in *Hit the Deck*.

RAB.

OXFORD

CAMBRIDGE has got the start of us once more. Its affairs have already been twice brought to your notice this year, my dear Bystanders, while I must still put you off with anticipations. So bear with me. For the anticipator's job does not resemble a cushion, nor, indeed, anything else. Like a school-marm's hat, it is in a class by itself. And first about Rugger Night. You remember the untoward event? When footlight favourites went through what they described to next day's Press as the most terrible ordeal of their lives. Nobody likes their thunder to be stolen by the audience, let alone by what Clifford Mollison generously admitted was but a small and unrepresentative section of it. Can anybody now say that we take our pleasures seriously? And cannot the ever-enterprising Charles B. Cochran arrange that next Rugger Night a show be given by bright young things from the Varsities? Think of it! A young England Chauve Souris. The Master of Balliol would make such an unexceptionable understudy for Nikita Balieff, and I know no musical comedy star who could not learn a trick or two from Val Stavridi, of the O.U.D.S. Do you, Val?

And when one comes to think of it, the O.U.D.S. is about the one Oxford institution which has yet realised that the term has begun. You see it's rehearsing, which is what it always does before producing a show—a quaint custom of the sort which Oxford has always stuck to. In a word, the O.U.D.S. is actively preparing for "The Fourteenth of July." And the producer is also on the spot—Komisarjevsky, you know, the fellow from Russia who produces shows in which Charles Laughton dresses up as Arnold Bennett. The Bennett of "The Fourteenth of July" is still unselected. And it will be a more difficult job altogether, because the play is all about the French Revolution, and so it will have to be Bennett *sans-culotte*. Still, the great man has said that a love of France has been the main thread of his life, so all may be well.

This is a new departure on the part of the O.U.D.S., who have produced Shakespeare or one of the accepted classics for so long. However, the present committee think that the function of an amateur society is to produce work which the commercial theatre dare not tackle, for financial reasons.

All definitely is well with the present eight. They also, like the O.U.D.S., have been an early bird and got started. And, of course, they have caught many worms and no crabs. And several of them are in danger of writer's cramp from the number of autographs which they have had to sign. So all is as it should be in that quarter.

The Union Debating Hall is still as silent and unpenetrated as the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. The arrival of Dingle Foot as Prince Charming will be necessary to put it right again. For I'm sure you remember that Dingle Foot is the President. And also a Liberal. And also a West-Countryman. And also from Balliol. For the rest, Michael Arlen is still at St. Moritz, and you may have seen the inter-Varsity ice-hockey match, which has featured on the programmes at the movie theatres lately. So the overture to the term has been crisply and traditionally rendered (when will we English learn not to talk during it?), and I am sure you are all eagerly awaiting the opening chorus. Well, you have only to wait a week before you hear it. And in these days surely that interval is not worth speaking of (writes an "Old Playgoer"). And, personally, I agree with him.

JINGO.

By Mac

W. C. WENTWORTH

Oxford's brilliant Half Miler, who recently won the Seniors' Event. He is a Rhodes Scholar who came to New College from Armidale, N.S.W.

Central News

"STEADY DOES IT"

The Oxford crew photographed at a recent practice. The crew is now getting well together in preparation for the Boat Race

G.P.U.

A COACHING INTERLUDE

Mr. A. E. Kitchin (St. John's), the Oxford coach, with H. C. Morphett, of Brasenose, who has occupied the Oxford stroke thwart

RUGGER REFLECTIONS

INNOCENTS ABROAD

By PENDARVES

LANCELOT said, "Can you wangle me a seat in the Press Stand, you great big boob?"

He has become very vulgar since he came down from Oxford to go up to the City.

"No, I can't: it isn't done—except by brass-hatted incorruptibles. Besides, I forgot to apply for a seat this year in the Depress Stand at Swansea, and am therefore a non-starter, and go away, I'm busy."

"Rubbish! You don't tell me that a couple of thrusters like us can't hold our own on a Swansea touchline with any four others?"

"That's not the worst. You have to get up, so to speak, in the middle of the night and make pilgrimage to Paddington, where you catch the Excursion—if you're lucky. And at Newport your troubles begin . . ."

"H'm: well, I'm for it, anyway. And so are you."

Lancelot has a persuasive way with him—and so I was.

"Feel like fricasseed death," he said, opening an eye as the train screamed through Slough. He closed it again muttering something about "Coin treau after that old brandy—bad show: very bad show: wake me at Newport, I want to see the villagers . . ."

A Swansea Rugger International, you must understand, *starts* at Newport, about half-past eleven; and goes on, through Cardiff, where the Cardiffian forwards make a loose rush for all carriages, right on until Newport is reached again, round about seven. So if you like full-bodied crowds you get your money's worth on this day—and a bit over. Our train was staidly respectable as far as Newport, and a howling pandemonium thereafter.

When we emerged from the undergrowth of massed humanity into Swansea High Street Lancelot insisted upon buying a leek and pinning it in his cap, remarking that England always *had* led the field in secret service methods, and he proposed she should continue to do so. He was a bit shaken, however, when a fellow leekite took his arm in the road, produced a sinister-looking black bottle from a coat pocket, and addressed him with honeyed words which sounded like:

"Cwmillyena yng ampheggallek lloumelleeth imprethymg."

Lancelot said: "P'raps you're right, cully, but I've had one," and disengaged. I disengaged the leek. After all, the war *is* over.

If you want *real* adventure at Swansea, the hundred-per-cent.-he-man stuff, you must pick out a section of the fraternity round the touchline that is beginning to be aggressive amongst themselves *before* the match begins, and get wedged firmly in amongst it. We got into the thick of a large South Wales mining community that was as a house divided against itself upon the merits of certain Welsh half-backs, and Lancelot whispered to me, "The zero hour approaches, laddie, but you have been a good young officer, and I will write to your girl as promised: meanwhile, for the love of Mike, don't slip on this mud or you'll never rise again."

My response to this was that I could look after myself reasonably efficiently, but that if he began calling upon the English forwards *by name* to do things, we were doomed men. And the foreign language droned on venomously about our flattened ears.

The tense moments which precede the trotting on of teams to national Rugger grounds are unique and distinct in the world of games. At Murrayfield there is the romantic background of Edinburgh's Castle and the grave kindliness of all the Scottish people around you to fill your eyes and mind. At Twickenham you feel you are sitting in the bowl of the universe: that the entire world which counts in your scheme of things is pulsing gaily about you, and you are immensely impressed, devoutly thankful to be a mute cypher in all those buzzing thousands.

Swansea has a flavour all its own—utterly unlike anything else anywhere. There is a sense of impending battle in the air. The war songs of the thousands make it worse. Community singing on an enormous scale beseeches heaven in the Welsh tongue to give it the victory. There are splashes of blood red here and there—their colour: men wave red battle banners on the ends of sticks, and deep voices chant dirges. There is no marbly-cold, phlegmatic Englishman living who, sitting glum and watchful at Swansea ten minutes before that game, is not strangely moved, tense, visibly excited.

The singing dies down as the band scatters, and a lustful roar of provocative welcome bursts like a thunderclap upon the ears as the white-jerseyed fighters appear on the field of battle. Then Wales's appearance, an equally deadly composite team, sharpened on a different stone, that is all, but there is a crash of cheering that seems to have shattered the ear drum permanently, and this continues for an age. Then the red and the white crash together . . . and a world of watching men becomes vociferously incoherent for eighty minutes, lost in the deeps of that indescribable delight that only Rugger, played by the great men, can give them.

. . . Lancelot opened an eye as the train lurched over some points in what seemed to be the middle of the night. "Do we get a bar to our medal?" he murmured. "Good! Stout fellers, both of us."

CROSSING THE LINE *I.B.*

An incident during the recent Irish Rugby Trial, in which the Probables beat the Possibles by 33 points to 16. T. Morris is seen about to cross the line to score for the Possibles

Leading Rugger Clubs

BY MAC

No. 13.—THE OLD BLUES

These Old Boys of Christ's Hospital have made rapid strides as a first-class club side since the War, and usually turn out a powerful threequarter line. They are exponents of the "seven forwards, eight outsides" game, whilst in Neilson, the full-back, they have a very sound last line of defence

Produced December 6, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

APART from the ingenious scenic effects, which have a fascination of their own, this is quite excellent drama, producing at times the kind of excitement usually known as breathless, though it isn't really. The Wrecker is a misguided person who goes about the country tampering with signal boxes with the fell design of producing railway disasters of terrible magnitude. At first, he would seem to be either a very desperate "bear" of railway stocks and shares, or else a man with a spite against the newspapers that generously fork out vast sums to the next-of-kin of victims of railway accidents.

WE begin at the Head Office of the Great Trunk Railway, which is situated at the London terminus, from whence the rattling and shrieking of departing and arriving trains combine to drive the clerical staff well-nigh to distraction. One of the high officials, whose business is the preparation of the company's time-tables, has been reduced to something like a nervous wreck by the noises from outside. If all time-tables are produced under the same disturbing conditions their proverbial intricacy is more easily explained. We feel more charitably disposed towards the "a" that stands for something that doesn't happen, and the "b" that indicates that the train you want to catch doesn't stop at the station you have in view, to say nothing of the hieroglyphics that refer you to a distant page in order to learn that your train does not run on Saturdays, or runs on Saturdays only. I have often thought there must be something the matter with time-table compilers, and I see now how it is.

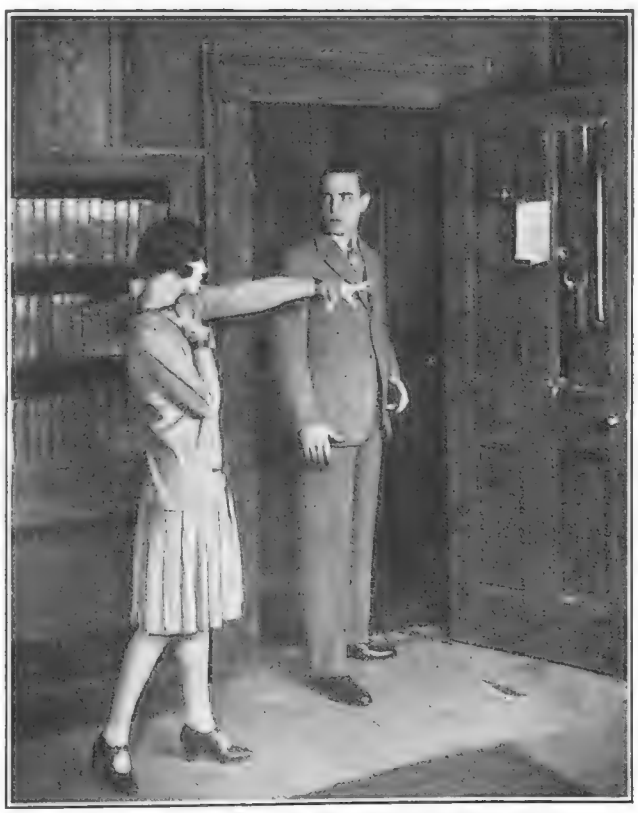
SO far the Great Trunk Railway has escaped the sinful attentions of the Wrecker, but Sir Gervase Bartlett, the Managing Director, has a strange presentiment that it will be the turn of his company next. One of his assistants, who is an expert at gadgets and contraptions and things of that sort, has built into the office wall an informing chart that shows the movement of a distant train. A bright green light moves along the chart, corresponding with the train's progress. In the event of an accident the green light will turn red. We hear the Southbound express as it shrieks and clatters out of the terminus, and we watch the moving green light till it suddenly blushes a deep crimson, and we know that the worst has happened. News comes in due course that the Southbound express has been wrecked, and that the loss of life has been on a scale of terrible magnitude.

THEN Roger Doyle, the nephew of Sir Gervase, takes up the trail. We have to note in passing that Roger is a retired footballer, who has the reputation of having always won the toss at the start of a match, a fact that provokes the rather unkind suggestion that he tosses with a two-headed penny. This apparently inconsequential detail is a mighty factor in the ensuing drama. Word comes to Roger that the Wrecker will be at his deadly job that night at a point on the line some sixty miles away. There is, as usual, not a minute to lose; but everybody knows what the stage automobile can do in the way of impossible speed when it has got its heart in the good work. Accompanied by a lady secretary, who appears to be a sort of private detective as well, Roger makes a dash for the distant signal box hoping to prevent the usual disaster, and at the same time to catch the Wrecker on his way to work.

THEN the exciting part begins. We are at a lonely signal-box far away from everywhere. The signalman, known as 'Orace, has heard of the threatened descent of the Wrecker on his lonely cabin, and he has chills all down the spine in consequence. And, since fear is as infectious as courage, we soon find ourselves getting as "jumpy" as he is. 'Orace is comforted a little by the arrival of a member of the railway police, but his nerves and our own remain distinctly on edge. There! Did you hear that? Somebody is walking on the roof of the signal box! Listen! The railway policeman ridicules the idea that anything can be wrong, but when he turns to the stove to get a light

for his pipe, he gasps for breath and falls dead at 'Orace's feet. Somebody has squirted some poison-gas down the chimney and done him in. 'Orace groans aloud in an agony of fear, and a moment later the Wrecker steals on, and switches off the light. We have just time to see that he is wearing a large slouch hat and a flowing cloak, and though we cannot see his boots, we trust that they are the usual kind, with turned-down tops, as officially worn by all First and Second Murderers and Wicked Uncles.

The Wrecker rushes at 'Orace and dopes him into unconsciousness, and then darts to the levers that govern the points so that the express will be diverted from its course and crash to perdition with its precious freight of human lives, over a neighbouring embankment. And there in the distance is the whistle of the crowded train dashing to its doom. What is to be done? Obviously we cannot sit there while such a tremendous disaster is being produced before our very eyes. Happily just at that moment Roger Doyle and his lady friend climb into the signal box, while the Wrecker, having done his deadly work, prudently makes off. Quick, the levers! One of them must be pushed back to turn the on-coming express into its right course again.



THE WRECKER LEAVES HIS "CARD" *Sasha*

Mary Shelton (Edna Davies) points out to "Lucky" Doyle (G. H. Mulcaster) that the Wrecker has left a characteristically boastful message on the door of Doyle's room. This results in a wild dash to a signal box to save the express

Yes; but which one? The whistle of the great express sounds close by and the grinding of its wheels is clearly audible. Ha! the lady has a sudden brain-wave. Roger always won the toss on the football field in the old days. Let him try his luck again now. One of the levers shall be called "heads" and the other "tails." Oh, make haste! Roger snatches a coin from his pocket and spins it desperately. "Heads," it is, and he flings himself at the corresponding lever and rams it back to its place, while the great express with its flashing lights and crashing roar thunders safely past. Phew! but that was an exciting moment! And Mr. G. H. Mulcaster and Miss Edna Davies, the hero and heroine of the exploit, take a special call before the curtain in acknowledgment of their splendid resourcefulness and pluck.

But that is not all. We have still to run the Wrecker to earth. A police detective with the usual eagerness attributed to members of

his profession on the stage, does his best to arrest the wrong man; but he is soon convinced of his characteristic error. The identity of the Wrecker is finally established with all the ingenious element of surprise that brings plays of this sort to a successful termination. Mr. George Elton, as a querulous time-table maker, is amusingly snappish, and Miss Norah Howard as a lively typist with a clear sense of humour is a great relief to the sterner moments of the play. *The Wrecker* will certainly draw the Town.

JINGLE.

Illustrations by
LEO CHENEY

THE great yellow car swooped down on me as I left the pavement. I closed my eyes. After all, I was only one more pedestrian gone to his account. There was a screaming of brakes.

"Good morning, Mr. Baldwin," said a silvery voice.

I opened my eyes and gazed sternly at my would-be murderess. I need hardly say that my name is not Baldwin.

"Dorinda," I said severely, "I have remarked on several occasions that you will be the death of me, but I strenuously object to your being the death of me in Bond Street. I hate publicity, and to make a solitary appearance in the Press as 'body of well-known clubman' —— "

Dorinda laughed her magical laugh.

"Hop up, Uncle Stanley," she commanded. "You're just the bloque I've been looking for."

"Bloke?" I protested. "What an unspeakably vulgar word!"

"Not if you spell it with a 'q,'" returned Dorinda. "Hop in. If I stop here much longer that policeman will be after me, and I'm much too busy this morning to waste my time smiling at policemen."

I hopped in, thereby saving a certain amount of argument.

"You've been to Switzerland, haven't you?" she asked, dexterously cutting in between a Rolls and a big Sunbeam, to the dazed horror of two ducal-looking chauffeurs

I admitted I had been to Switzerland.

"Good. Then you'll be able to give me some tips. Tell me, does one have to wear anything at the Winter Sports?"

"The Swiss," I replied, "are a hardy but intensely respectable people."

"Fathead!" exclaimed Dorinda sweetly. "I mean, do you wear anything special?"

"Well, it is done, and, then again, it isn't done."

"That sounds frightfully brilliant, but I haven't the foggiest idea what you mean."

"It means this. If you are a novice, you probably wear pink doeskin breeches, high-heeled skiing boots, platinum skates, and a jumper like an Alpine afterglow. I once saw a German cinema actress, who——"

"Don't," begged Dorinda, shuddering.

"On the other hand," I went on, "if you are a brilliant skier, with a European reputation, you wear any old thing, probably a moth-eaten mackintosh or —— "

"I'm not pink doeskins," said Dorinda decidedly. "I'd rather be a moth-eaten mackintosh. But what does one do at St. Moritz?"

"One whizzes down the Cresta Run at seventy miles an hour."

"Only seventy?" echoed Dorinda regretfully. "This car likes doing eighty."

"But not in Piccadilly, I hope."

"Shall I try?" asked Dorinda with dancing eyes.

"I shall jump under a 33 'bus if you do. In any case they wouldn't let you go down the Cresta. No lady is allowed to —— "

"Cheers!" cried Dorinda. "I have seven aunts, all of whom have told one another at various times that I am no lady. So that's all right. May I do anything else?"

"I think you had better go to Mürren, if you want innocent relaxation. They will make you ski down three mountains every morning before breakfast. They also have a system guaranteed to break (separately or in combination) every bone in the human body."

"How perfectly *yummy!*" laughed Dorinda delightfully. The Cresta at seventy, three mountains before breakfast, and compound fractures till lunch-time. Anything else?"

"At Grindelwald, you may try a little gentle bob-sleighing."

"What's that like?"

"Driving a car with you, only the bob doesn't take corners so quickly."

"Pooh! Anything else?"

"I can promise you some excellent skating."

"I adore skating."

"Perhaps," I complained, "but I wish you wouldn't practise rockers in this traffic. My nerves —— "

"If I can skate in Piccadilly, I can skate in Grindelwald," she laughed, dodging between a dray and a big red 'bus with a fraction of an inch to spare. The big red 'bus-driver opened his mouth for the purpose of being strikingly profane. Dorinda flashed him a dazzling smile. The big red 'busman's face melted into a look of pleasure. It was a touching and beautiful incident.

"I adore 'bus-drivers," said Dorinda as we swung into Regent Street. "Do you really think Winter Sports are dangerous?"

"Well, not nearly as dangerous as driving a —— "

"Still, you admit there's a risk?"

"Absolutely. There is always —— "

"Then I'm going! Here we are. I'll get my outfit now."

We drew up in front of an establishment where a lady in superb evening dress stood in the window, poised on one leg.

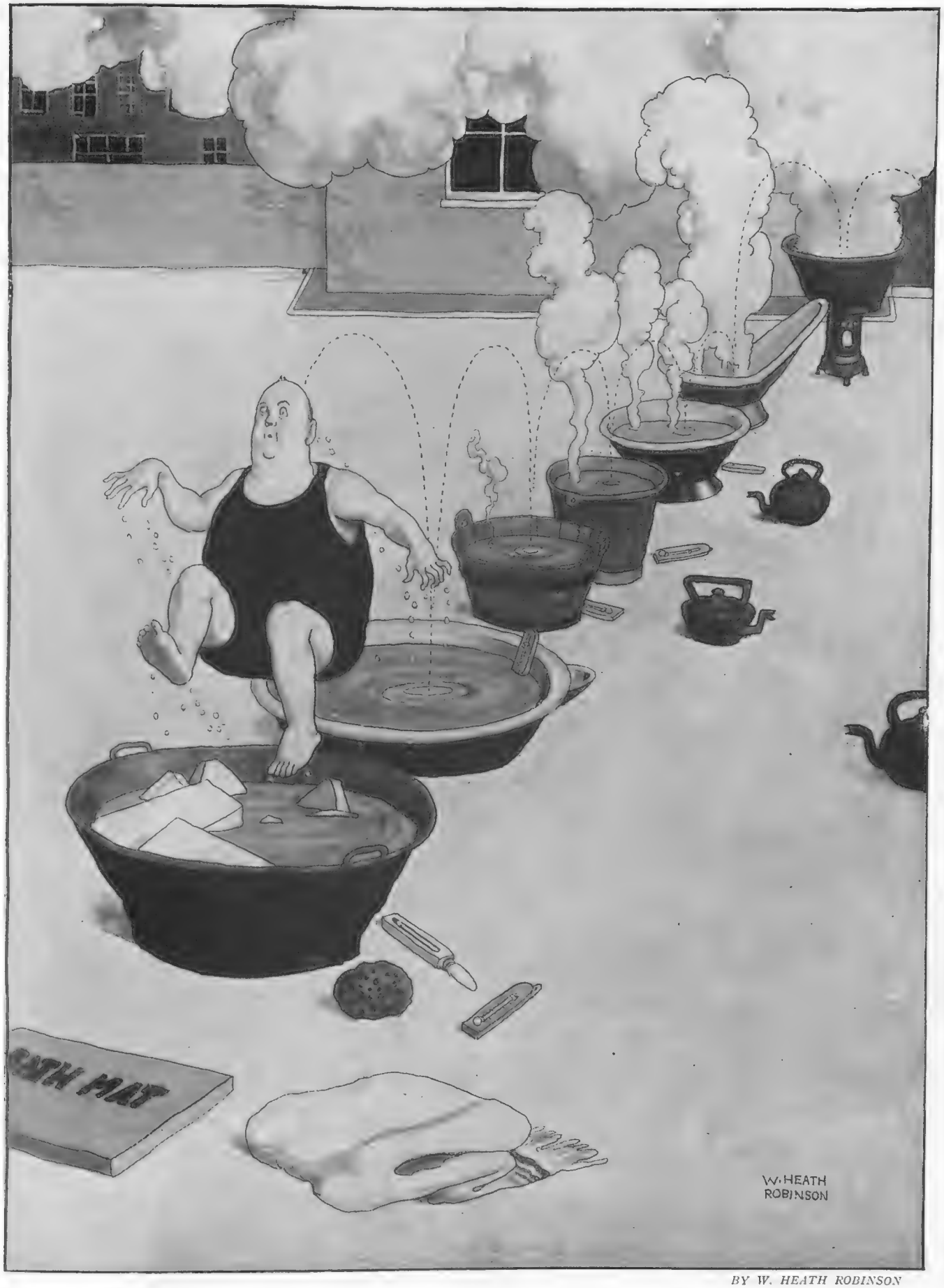
"But this isn't a sports outfitters," I demurred.

"You poor old thing. I'm going for a fortnight. That means fourteen evening frocks Can't you count?"

So I hereby give warning that Dorinda is going to Switzerland. I think the President of the Swiss Republic or the Chairman of the League of Nations or the head waiter at the Bear Grand Hotel at Grindelwald ought to take steps. For myself, I admit no responsibility.

"If you are a novice"

"You'll come to it by Degrees"



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

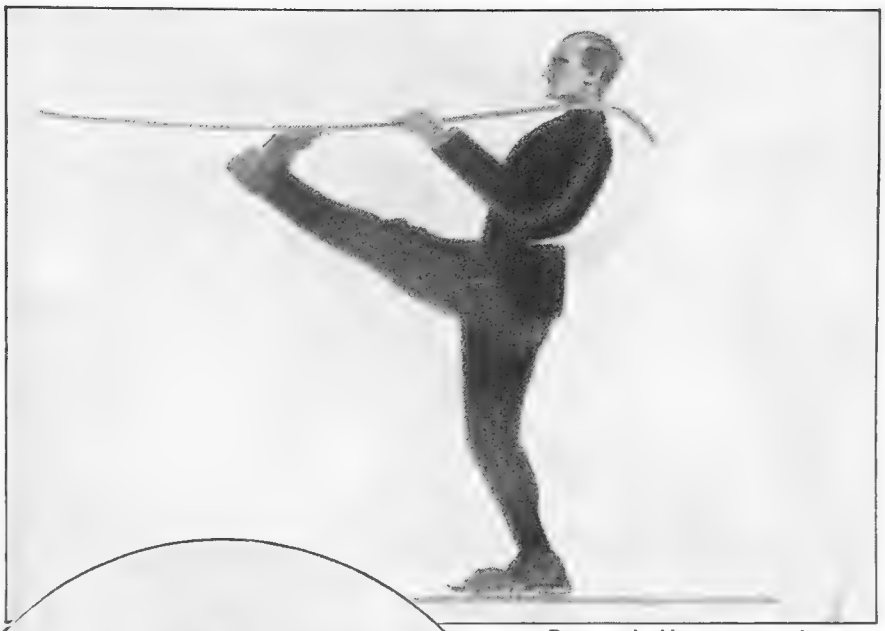
Do you find your cold dip too much of a shock these nippy mornings? If so, why not try the gradual approach from hot to cold in the above way, which is strongly recommended by the bathing faculty?

BY D'EGVILLE

A SITTER!

LEARNING TO SKI ON DRY GROUND

By G. A. de MESTRAL



Boots and skis are worn, but no sticks used

Dry ski instruction was organised first in Berlin shortly after the end of the Great War, but the idea was treated with contempt and scepticism in the sporting world until the results of this method of training were seen, and its success thereby demonstrated. It is now generally accepted that a preliminary course of dry ski exercises affords the best possible training for the sport, especially in the case of beginners. To-day a course of dry ski instruction is organised each autumn in nearly every town in Switzerland, and it is noticeable what rapid progress is made by all those who have taken a few such lessons before venturing on the snow.

The exercises practised on the ground develop the muscles and give a suppleness to the limbs and a sense of balance without which successful ski-ing is impossible. Undoubtedly the beginner finds it hard work at first doing these exercises with heavy ski-boots and skis on his feet, but it is astonishing how soon he gets used to it, and often realises, too, an improvement in his general health. In fact, it is now the general opinion that a beginner should never start to ski on snow till he has acquired some skill in the use of skis through dry ski exercises.

Exercises intended to render the body supple are good

A man starting on snow after such a preliminary course is himself surprised at the ease and sense of balance which he has gained in about ten to twelve hours of dry ski instruction. The control of his skis comes to him naturally instead of being a laborious effort.

It is not possible to give here any detailed description of all the movements that should be studied in dry ski-ing lessons. It may, however, be said that any exercises taught in the gymnasium which are intended to render the body supple are good to begin with, boots and skis being worn, but no stick used.

It must be distinctly understood that these first exercises to develop suppleness must be practised energetically, and also—this is very important—all jerks and such-like involuntary movements must be carefully avoided. To start with, they are very ugly, and, secondly, they prove that the balance of the body is not yet perfect. Moreover, they involve a waste of strength, check one's course, and on the snow can only end with a fall.

When his body is sufficiently supple and he can balance himself on his skis, the pupil may commence his special exercises for ski-ing. These are the preliminary position for the Telemark, the Christiania, and the Jumped Turn.

The Telemark is a turn to the right or to the left, and is very useful when the slope is not too steep. To accomplish this turn the skier rests the whole weight of his body on the toes of the front leg. The man sketched in the bottom illustration on this page is preparing to turn to the left. He has advanced his right foot and leans all his weight on the fore part of it. In this position just a slight inclination of his shoulders to the left is sufficient to take him round, as it is on a bicycle. Indeed, it is surprising how easily and without effort one can turn by this method sharp left or right.

As soon as a man is able to keep his skis well together, and feels that he is able to turn sharp right or left by

Preparing to turn to the left in the Telemark position

putting his weight on one foot or the other, he is able to ski, and begins to realise what a wonderful sport it is.

The illustration on this page shows the preliminary position in turning to the left by means of what is called a Christiania. Here the whole weight of the man is thrown on the heel of his left foot, the shoulders are turned to the left, and the body tilted slightly backwards.

This is the ideal method for making a sharp turn when at full speed on a very steep slope. The turn is so rapid and effective that it enables a man ski-ing at full speed to stop dead in two or three yards, and for such a purpose nothing equals the Christiania. Indeed, good skiers rarely turn in any other way, as the Christiania is safer, quicker, and less tiresome than the Telemark.

A third method of turning is the "Jumped" turn (*saut tournant*), and is one which it is easy to practise in a gymnasium.

The only difficulty there is to keep one's skis steadily close together all the time. But on the snow it is quite another matter! It has got to be used on those occasions, fortunately very rare, when the other turns are impossible. Where a slight crust has formed over the surface of the snow and the skis sink through the crust so that they run as in a groove, it is impossible to turn either by means of a Christiania or a Telemark. In such a case the only way to help oneself is to do a Jumped turn.

Resting one's weight on the stick and using it as a pivot, it is possible to get one's skis out of the snow and thus to make a quarter or even a half turn left or right. It is generally agreed that this Jumped turn should not be attempted except when absolutely necessary, first because it cannot be done when a man is going at high speed, and next because if he is carrying a heavy rucksack there is great risk of his breaking the skis under his heels, and their repair during a tour would be a very difficult matter. It is useful to know the Jumped turn, but it should be used with great discrimination, especially on a long tour.

The start of the "Christiania" turn

One cannot, of course, actually guarantee that any man who has taken a course of "dry ski instruction," lasting from 10-12 hours, will at once be able to ski fairly well on snow; but the principles of ski-ing he has learned will enable him after a day or two's practice on snow to enjoy short tours without tumbling over all the time. Of course, no one guarantees that he will never fall, but certainly his falls will be neither serious nor frequent, which is contrary to the usual experience. The man who has been trained will slide down rather than fall on the snow. A fall with the skis together in the Christiania position is not serious.

One cannot urge too strongly upon anyone who is coming to Switzerland for a winter holiday to take a course of dry ski-instruction before starting. Much time will thus be saved, and the glory of the sport in the bracing air and bright sunshine of the Alps will be appreciated at once. G. DE M.

AN "ADDRESS" IN THE ALPS *Sport and General*

Mr. A. H. D'Egville, whose drawings are familiar to "Bystander" readers, and who belongs to the small company of First Class skiers, is here seen striving to conquer fresh worlds on the Allmendhubel, above Mürren. The main objection to this form of golf on skis is probably the effect that crevasses may have on the lost ball question

"Armed and Accoutred Proper"

Photopress

An Amazon of the Snows setting out to "do or die." The photograph was taken at that popular Winter Sports centre, Pontresina

"WHEN THE

One of the most enjoyable and amusing of pastimes at the Swiss Winter Resorts is "Tailing." The "party spirit" is very full
swinging and bumping along the road through the sparkling air of the Alps. This type of joy-ride is not confined to day trips
bigger (and bumpier) t

E TAIL WAGS"

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

fully developed when a cheery crowd of youngsters (of all ages) make up a tailing party—roping their luges to a horse-drawn sleigh, ips—evening parties, carrying gaily coloured lanterns, being very popular. The longer the tail of luges the greater the fun and the) the wag at the end of it

A "Swell" Gift!

BY WILL OWEN

"Take it from me, old man—it's mumps!"

NIGHT LIGHTS

By
E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

No. IX—CONTRASTS

"Upstairs in the quiet, thoroughly English, Chandos Restaurant"

It is amusing sometimes to have a loose-end wander under the West End lights unhampered by a companion who invariably wants to do something you hate the thought of; the night your own; time and the last Tube train matters of no consequence whatsoever. You can have a delicious selection of contrasts. Here are some. I experienced them all between eight p.m. and—well, very much later. I shall go to all of them again: and when I do all will seem utterly different. For that is the charm of London's night: no one place is ever quite the same two nights running, if you have eyes to see and ears to hear—as, of course, you have.

There is a tributary running off the main stream of the Strand called Chandos Street. It is in the heart of working theatreland, and its chief activity by day and by night would seem to you to be that it affords an admirable short cut for the darting taxi in which you are sitting impatiently. Chandos Street, however, has more potent uses. It contains, among other things, "The Chandos." This appears to be merely a busy "pub." So naturally you "hurry along, please." It is, in fact, a pub, and a very excellent and thriving one. It has been there a very long time, and has, no doubt, assuaged the force-of-habit thirst of millions: I don't know.

But it is also something else; for it has an "upstairs." And it is with these unostentatiously carpeted stairs that I am at the moment concerned. Working theatreland is a widely different place from watching theatreland. And it is upstairs in the quiet, thoroughly English, Chandos Restaurant that you will see some of the theatre workers dining. At that time of night when for the busy stage people the gay world is about to die, whereas for you and me it has just been born, the Chandossians will be intent upon their dinners, books or newspapers propped against the cruet, preparatory to the real hard work which is their portion.

Here you can smoke a pipe if you like; be in full evening dress if you like; drink a bottle of *Nuit St. Georges* 1914 with a superb fillet steak ("and a bit of fat, Rossi, please"), or a pint of beer in a tankard if you like. Nobody cares. Nobody even notices you: they are all too busy with life. The Chandos is a place of parts. That is why I like it. One night it may be all men—and that is nice, too, sometimes: on another you may notice in a corner a woman untying the knots in her heart for a man to pull the strings of; while in her eyes sits the joy that will come to her only once in her world of disillusions. Enters another woman who has borne the gnawing pain of real poverty—once. You would never know; except, perhaps, for those little lines of strain round the set of the mouth in repose, which might make you begin wondering. But now you all know her—from the stalls: and the Society columns will tell you where she lunched yesterday, if you want to know.

Meanwhile, outside the 'buses snarl, the taxis honk, the theatre lights blaze heavenwards, the night rush to work and to play has set in all round you: you are in the maëlstrom of night matters. But you would never know. For the curtains are drawn across the Chandos windows, shutting it out. There is no fuss in here over the three-and-sixpenny or the three-pound-ten dinner: both are served with equal smiling care and absence of swank, the world swirling on outside to its own congestions and confusions—something alien and apart. Which is the atmosphere that all dining places inculcate, and comparatively few do.

Last time I sat there so long studying the fascinations of other people that I found myself in that dead-end hour of London's night, don't you know, when the theatre streets are empty (presently to be vibrantly full) and alleged newspaper sellers sidle up alongside you noiselessly, addressing you as "Captain" in husky confidences, and wishing you the "best o' luck" for service rendered. So in that pause when theatre firemen have the odd cigarette camouflaged in the crook of the hand, with the constable in the dark recesses of the little streets where the big cars wait, I wandered towards Seven Dials and a Cave that is hidden therein.

Seven Dials in my father's day was a district wherein uniformed constables patrolled warily in couples, and plain-clothes men in not less than three—and as seldom as possible. Until a scandalised public opinion opened up this cesspool of squalor and vice by cutting wide streets through it and airing it generally. Now the Palace Theatre throws its lights searchingly over one edge of it—not that there is any need.

The Grapes Inn, built in 1835 on the site of the "Sign of the Vine," a former tavern, so named because it occupied the site assigned by the Doomsday Book to a vineyard planted here by the Romans, became one of Seven Dials' most hectic rendezvous. A great place for women addicted to tearing clumps of hair off other women while men looked on and

laughed. But see the Grapes Inn to-night, for it is still there. Come inside with me. "The Cave of Harmony" they call it now (with a quotation from Thackeray's "Newcomes"), and it is a club for members and their guests only. In many respects one of the most exhilarating clubs in all London. For here, under the auspices of that great artist, Elsa Lanchester, and her clever accomplices, Harold Scott and Matthew Norgate, assemble a collection of all that is best in England's dramatic art.

They come here to amuse each other. They are generally at their best on a Friday night (ask any actor or actress why this is!), and their best, believe me, is very, very good. A smallish room at the top of a steep and narrow staircase, up which from the dance floor below at a given signal you all clamber—an instructive business—to find a miniature stage, a collection of chairs and tables, and a coffee-stall bar. If you look at their past programmes you will find most of the electric sky-sign names among the performers. And if you are a privileged guest on any Friday night you will probably witness a little masterpiece rendered by masters of their profession. A one-act play here is sometimes so clever and the innuendoes so fine-drawn that you may only be "half there," so to speak. But you will be sitting side by social side with the Great—and that is more than enough for most people.

A little while ago I took an American, living luxuriously in Paris, to some of the little-known Parisian night lights, of which he had never heard. When he came to London "to get some clothes," he pooh-poohed the idea that I should be able to show him anything here nearly so interesting as "you did that night in Paris." So I took him to "The Cave," where he sat for an hour with his mouth wide open. Then he stood meditatively on the Seven Dials pavement under the stars and said, "*S-a-y,* we must celebrate this: I want to think this over. *Gee*, but it was *great*, boy! . . ."

If you have had a superfine dinner somewhere, or have been what the French call *bouleversé* by some play, or some woman during the course of the evening has looked steadily at you and said something that might mean the whole world or nothing at all, and has then risen calmly to dance with somebody else—if, in short, you are in that mood when it would be criminal lunacy to go home, there is a club in Albemarle Street they call "Uncle's" which will minister to almost any mood. Why they call it "Uncle's" nobody has ever known; for anything less like my Monday morning pawnshop I cannot imagine.

It is maintained by the dual personality of two men, Victor and Miracca. Victor suffered severe penalties once for ministering to our illicit needs, and I always feel that present-day patrons remember this and have a soft spot in their hearts for him in consequence. Miracca is imbued with most of the attributes of night light success. Not the least of which is the fact that his wife's family has been in the West End *modiste* business for five generations (she is still very much in it)—so that what he must have heard from time to time over his home fireside about the lords and ladies of London is surely of very great use to him in the smooth and successful running of his business!

"Uncle's" has been continuously successful, I think, because it gives people who *won't* go to bed just what they want, no more, no less. There is no fanfare of mural decoration: no pyrotechnic stunts: no "atmosphere" other than is created by the people themselves: and they create that quick enough in this subterranean stronghold. A pale green room with a few mirrors. The right kind of variety turn put on at the right moment, and taken off before it becomes boring. A soothing and beautiful dance band, not too *pianissimo*, not too "night clubby" *fortissimo*, but just right for the place and the hour.

"'Uncle's' has been continuously successful"

Here you will see any and every night a diversity of fashionable folk. The *soigné* Englishman, for example, who feels it absolutely incumbent upon him to talk execrable French to an Italian waiter because he is "a damned foreigner, what?" Does it impress the very worldly woman with the deft enamel at his side? The beautiful American woman—they all come here, if they can. There is one: a splendid specimen. She is talking to that young man, who is keeping his eyes in their sockets only with difficulty, as if nothing else but he in the whole wide world was of any consequence whatever. The little shingled head turned closely towards him: that strip of quarter-inch duck-egg blue ribbon, holding up some superfluity of hidden silk, stretched across the bare shoulder gleaming under the wall lights . .

But why is this lovely creature of twenty-seven summers not married? Of course, she talks to all men like this, absorbing them utterly. Perhaps that is why?

I put this deep problem, in the abstract, to my taxi-man later as we leaned together on the coffee-stall counter . . . "*Why?* I'll tell yer why: cos they overdoos the sorft stuff—see? Now I knoo a gurl once—'fore the war it were—she . . "

Pearls of wisdom dropped upon the pavement.

E. P. L.-B.

A Princess Charming of the Limelight

Janet Jevons

MISS MERCIA SWINBURNE

The talented young actress who is having a great success in "The Crooked Billet." This is one of the "thrillers" of the season, and is enjoying great popularity at the Royalty Theatre

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"No eyes for a pair of silk stockings"

Mes Amis,

Along with something like fifty thousand petrified persons I watched the Scottish Rugger fifteen at Colombes with one thought uppermost—that was, whether Mr. M'Grath, the referee, would manage to escape from being torn limb from limb. He did. But it was largely due to the employment of a sharp eye to mark the adjacency of a subterranean exit when the moment for the blowing of the final whistle was nearing. Had it not been for that underground passage to safety I would not have given much for Mr. M'Grath's chances.

At least forty thousand out of the fifty desired a lump of Mr. M'Grath as a souvenir, particularly the thousands who had come all the way from the south-west of France, where they take their "Rugger" very seriously. They felt that he had purposely prevented their local favourites from showing what they could do, and they were anxious to present to their relatives at home solid evidence of the fact that Mr. M'Grath would never be able to do this again.

Personally, I am disinclined to think that Mr. M'Grath ever will do it again, as I imagine he will plead "a previous engagement" should he receive any further invitations to officiate at Colombes. And I don't blame him. Refereeing a French international Rugby match in Paris is a job that is not worth having. It happened in this instance, as in virtually every similar instance which has occurred previously, that it was the referee who was right and the mob hopelessly wrong. Being English, and therefore without the slightest prejudice in favour of either Scotland or France, I could judge without bias.

Something will have to be done about French Rugby, or the French will succeed in eliminating themselves from the international championship. The truth of the matter is that in ordinary matches the local players are allowed to infringe the rules without let or hindrance. Consequently, when they run up against an impartial referee who insists on the game being played as it ought to be played—that is, according to the rules—they sincerely feel that the horrid man is prejudiced against them and is seeking to help their opponents by imposing penalties for rule infringements.

It is the sincerity of the sentiment that is the point of danger. A Colombes crowd really believes that a visiting referee is one-sided in his decisions. And it happens to be virtually true, for it is the home side that is penalised about ninety per cent. of the time. That, of course, is because the fifteens from across the Channel have fallen into the habit of playing to the rules. But this the French enthusiasts do not appreciate. They say the referees are prejudiced against them. It is no use telling them that an Irishman is not prejudiced in favour of Scots or a Welshman in favour of the English. They say they are all *Britanniques*, and therefore against the *Coq Gaulois*.

And what is most serious is that it is not merely the spectators, but also the players and the sporting writers. Most of the members of the French team were interviewed after the match and are quoted as criticising Mr. M'Grath, while the writers utilised something like half their space in allegations against his partiality which were not justified. We have to remember that they lack the generations of "tradition" that helps British fifteens to play to the rules mechanically; but really only they can put their own house in order, and that is not advanced by the reviling of their instructors.

"Wives have not the remotest idea of what the football kicking is"

I wish they would get on the proper track, as I should like to see French "Rugger" flourishing. I think it has tremendous possibilities of being triumphant one day, if properly conducted. It is certainly becoming tremendously popular as a spectacle. In Paris it is being given the *cachet* of *chic* by the Parisiennes. There has been an amazing growth in the number of smartly dressed women who attend the matches. Husbands are accompanied by wives to an extent that would be considered astounding in England.

This is undoubtedly due to the tradition of enjoyment *en famille* which has long been a feature of French life, and has been carried into sport as quite the natural thing. It is quite certain, of course, that very many of the wives have not the remotest idea of what the football kicking or throwing is about, but so long as their husbands are

"They are fast players"

Keystone

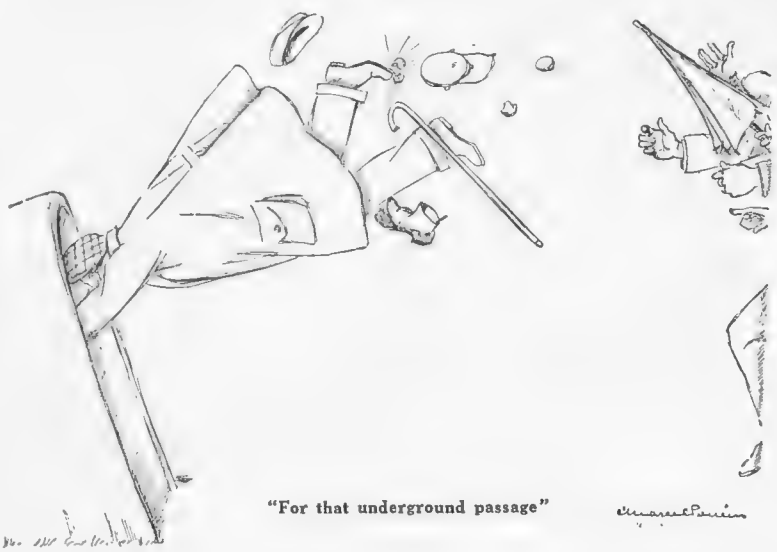
BOAR HUNTING IN FRANCE

The Duke of Westminster photographed with his boar hounds, which he hunts fairly regularly near Dieppe. Among his recent guests for the hunting has been Mr. Winston Churchill

enjoying it they are quite content. Besides, they are safe in the knowledge that the affections of their husbands are not being "alienated." Even an inveterate *boulevardier* has no eyes for a pair of silk stockings when he can see Jaurreguy prancing round the opposition threequarters.

I BEGIN to think that French wives are blessing the day when sport began to take such a hold on their menfolk, because it makes them feel so much more secure from attacks by ardent rivals. Look at the example of golf, for instance. The number of wives who are members of the same golf clubs as their husbands must be many times greater in proportion than is the case in Britain. They are not discouraged from joining as wives are by the committees of British golf clubs. On the contrary, they are encouraged by reduced subscriptions.

THERE is, naturally, an explanation for this. French wives, in the majority of cases, are not over-keen on playing golf themselves, and therefore there is not so much fear of the overcrowding of the links, which is the dread of British committees. But they are accustomed to passing Saturday afternoons, and, particularly, Sundays, with their husbands. It would be a big blow to family pride and tradition if they did not take lunch and tea together on a Sunday, so they solve the problem by joining in these meals at the golf club. When they have seen their hubbies safely started on a round with some other man they are perfectly content to sit and chat with other wives till the round is over.



"For that underground passage"

THAT would not do, of course, for the daughters. They must be on the course, being the keenest of players. But then, as well as being fairly good players in the main, they are also exceptionally fast players, as they take full advantage of their forward tees. It is no unusual sight to witness a couple of *jeunes filles* forging through pair after pair of men, demonstrating the benefit of the two or three lessons a week which they take from the "pros." And besides their practical enthusiasm for the game, they have made a valuable contribution by smartening up the dress. French golfing girls do not see any need to get themselves up as female hobbledehoys. They dress with the neatness that they would adopt for a promenade in the Bois de Boulogne, yet their outfit is thoroughly practical. The golfing Yvonnes and Yvettes are a pattern that is worth copying.

RENÉ.

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

WHY is it," asks a correspondent, "that so many women talk in their sleep?" Possibly it is because of their irresistible desire to have the last word.

. . . . . .

LORD DESBOROUGH says that the Thames ought to be dammed. If he could have heard some of the riverside language he would know that duty has already been pun gently performed.

. . . .

Apropos coincidences, Professor Ooozleberry writes:—"At four o'clock last Tuesday I was having a quick one with my friend, Hërr Soop, at the Welsh Harp. At five o'clock his car smashed into mine. Strangely enough, it was a Hendon collision."

. . . . .

THIS winter our girls seem to be going in for fur above and furbelows. Well, they might go farther and fur worse.

. . . . .

From a daily paper:—"The meteorological bureau forecasts strong sow west winds." We know that particular wind; but prefer to call it a pig.

. . . . .

THE Northampton electors have chosen a Labour candidate to represent them in Parliament. For once, the Northampton cobblers have forgotten to stick to their last—Member.

. . . . . .

"Now, cuddle up, darling; it's time you were asleep."

"Where are you going to, mummy?"

"To the Sales, my angel."

"Oh, then you're going to buy-buy, too!"

. . . . . .

A LEICESTERSHIRE farmer has written to the local Hunt complaining of the damage done to his crops. Some farmers are extremely sensitive when they find anyone trampling on their pet corn.

. . . . . .

A NATURALIST says that during this month we should get rid of garden pests. Fortunately, the boy who has been kicking his football over our wall has gone back to school.

. . . . . .

WRITING about tuck shops at schools, a doctor states that it is the twopenny bun that does the damage. Yet from time immemorial our young athletes have been advised to "tuck in their tuppennies."

OUTSIDE a haberdasher's shop in Alnwick is the sign, "*Ici on parle Français.*"

Exclaims this Northumberland draper,
"Moi, parly-vous Français; je n'ai *peur.*"
But his customers say,
"*If you talk in that way,*
Though you may know some French, it is très peu!"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

"SKI-WHO-MUST-BE-OBEYED"

STAGE SILHOUETTES
(Joe Coyne.)

Comedians are a curious lot:
One makes his fun and one purloins it;
A hard-earned "screw" is pouched by few,
And yet, Joe Coins it!

SCOTLAND YARD is reported to possess a unique collection of portraits. Van Dycks and Rubens are conspicuous by their absence, but there is a plethora of Constables and Sergeants.

. . . . . .

AN East End resident has been fined for keeping ten dogs in one room. His excuse, that he was fond of listening to Bach recitals, was unavailing.

. . . . . .

A BISHOP declares that there are too many false schisms in the Church. That is a truism.

. . . . .

A NORFOLK man has died through excessive cigar smoking. At least that was the verdict of the Corona's inquest.

. . . . . .

A BONE manipulator states that it is easy to cure a swollen tennis elbow. It is admitted that it is more difficult to treat swelled heads at Wimbledon.

. . . . . .

A DORSET roadmender in his spare time dabbles in water-colours. He should institute an order of Royal Macadamicians.

. . . . . .

MISS EVELYN LAYE, while not severely censuring girls who "make up" in restaurants, objects to the combing of hair in public. Her advice seems to be, slip sticks in your bag, but let the hair-slide.

. . . . . .

"IDA's bought a new eiderdown."

"I've seen it. Who let Ida down?"

"I dunno."

. . . . . .

"JONES, translate '*Il est déjà parti, tant mieux.*'"

"He has just gone to the party, my aunt."

LONDON A ZOO: The Gnus (*Gnu Spaperum*, Fleetstreet var.)

LIKE those that thunder o'er the veld
In hordes none likes to meet,
So do the Gnus of London pelt
A danger of the street.
The horns of those affright the eye,
The horns of these the ear;
And yet the news these new gnus bring
We daily like to hear.

W. J.

A "Master" piece!

BY THORPE

M.F.H.: "This is one of the Old Masters, Collins"
NEW KENNELMAN: "Rummy 'unting kit, sir!"

"SHOOTING STARS"

A NEW BRITISH FILM THAT TAKES THE AUDIENCE "BEHIND THE SCENES" OF FILMLAND

VISITING DAY

Andy Wilks (Donald Calthrop) interviews a bevy of what are invariably known as "bathing belles" during the shooting of a "slap-stick" comedy which is shown in the film. The "movies" equivalent to the "ladies of the chorus" certainly more than hold their own in looks and talent with their American sisters

LONG SHADOWS ON THE—WALL

Another "still" showing Donald Calthrop as Andy Wilks and the "small part ladies." The burlesquing of the conventional custard pie comedy is cleverly carried out

IN THE STUDIO

A scene from the New Era British film, "Shooting Stars," by Anthony Asquith. This film, which is a B.I.F. Production, takes the audience into the studio and tells the story of the private lives of some of the movie stars in the story. Donald Calthrop and Ivy Ellison are seen inset in one of the comedy scenes in this new film, which is to be presented at the Plaza early next month

ARE WE PESSIMISTS?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

Not to mention dances or cocktails at St. Moritz

LONDON, *January* 23.

DEAR COUSIN,

I WONDER why some of us in this country of ours—most dearly beloved, mark you, and I wouldn't change it for worlds—but why exactly we seem sometimes to make—well, almost a point of looking rather on the blackest side of things, as you might say? Might be the weather, perchance, what? Or the Puritans, p'raps, who invented the British Sunday—because, you know, before them nobody'd ever then discovered it was a sin to enjoy yourself on the Sabbath. Except, of course, the Pharisees, who don't count, and, anyway, being Jews, theirs was Saturday, wasn't it?—so that's that; and I wouldn't even mention it, only some provincial mayors and councils and people don't seem to have heard of it even yet, do they?

ODD, by the way, isn't it, that it's only the more or less harmless, if occasionally annoying, offences like golf and football and lawn tennis and cricket and theatres and music and dancing that appear to suddenly become so terribly heinous if committed on said seventh day? I mean, no one seems to've decreed that a Sunday murder's worse than any other kind, or anything of that sort . . . but that's, of course, as already noted, by the way.

ABOUT this national pessimism of ours, though, as someone's called it. Kind of local tradition, I do believe really, as promoted at all the best schools and places. Where no one ever says anything's good, or splendid, or anything like that, but just not half bad, or even in moments of high exaltation possibly quite decent. But not, am sure, because users of aforesaid phrases, or paraphrases, are really utter and complete mutts, and entirely incapable of any sort of judgment, emotion, or feeling. Just a sort of fear, I do believe, in the end and when you analyse it, of overstepping the mark and gilding the lily, so to speak. A kind of caution partly, possibly, so's to avoid offending the gods, like the Japanese, who don't dare ever to praise their children or anything they love, but call them horrid little things, lest the Other World should be aroused to envy . . .

"Utter and complete mutts"

ALSO in a way, perhaps, pride—because we do so terribly hate, don't we, even the merest, distantest idea of ever wearing even the semblance of our hearts on our sleeves, as the saying goes. Not like our friends of the South, or even the near South-east, what? Meaning, *par exemple*, those very charming (and eke business-like) *alliés* of ours in *la Belle France*—whom, by the way, I've just been studying rather interestingly from two such utterly different angles, and yet the result, you know, is really extraordinarily much the same. Been reading I have, for one thing, quite a lot of those immortal stories of Guy de Maupassant's which date to well back in the last century, don't they? Carriages and horse-cabs are still the last word in luxury, and the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 is still the Great War of the moment. And then last week I went to see the new and rather delightful Adolphe Menjou film at the Plaza, *A Gentleman of Paris*, and, believe me or believe me not, but the whole idea and sentiment of the thing was just the same, or very nearly. The eternal drama of Man and Woman—which, after all, is acted in this our England, too, only we rather like to pretend it isn't, or, anyway, that it's an exception. Which just possibly, perhaps, accounts for yet another portion of the aforementioned so-called gloom. See Dr. Freud. But, of course, that may or may not be, what?

"So-called 'charges' that were just a plodding walk through thick mud"

RATHER a nice, if slightly naughty, story the one of the aforesaid film, by the way. Wherein a thoroughly bad, but attractive, marquis (M. Menjou, of course) is suddenly rung up by father of *fiancée*, who announces imminent arrival with daughter—so faithful valet promptly telephones to various rather odd places to try to get his master back in time for breakfast. And all manner of strange things happen before he finally arrives—and after. But nobody takes anything really too utterly seriously, spite of a revolver shot near the end—which is as it should be. Life's much too short to take things really seriously, is not it?—anyway, these days. Have just also been reading a War book called "The Somme," by Mr. A. D. Gristwood, that Mr. H. G. Wells has written a preface for—and almost wish I hadn't. My dear, here is the War for the first time (for you and me) as it really was. Oh, the terribleness of it all! Stories of the men going

(*Continued on page* 182)

With the British Colony

Sport and General

IN MID-AIR

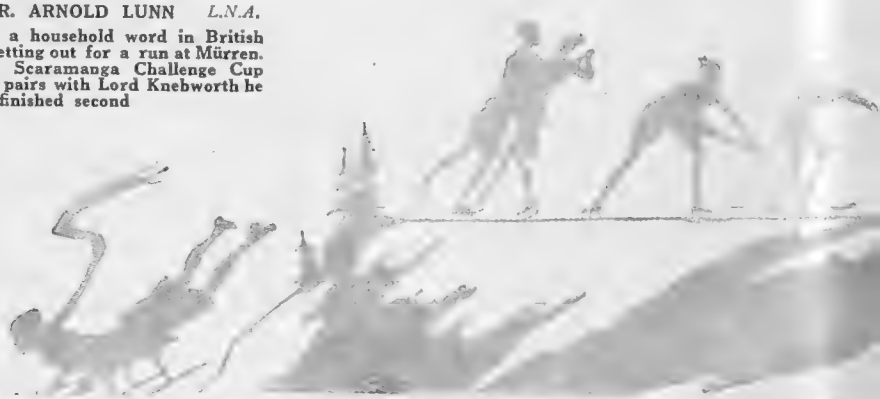
Howard Ford, the Cambridge skier, competing in the ski-jumping competition at Mürren. He was the only British competitor in this very spectacular contest in winter sports

MR. ARNOLD LUNN *L.N.A.*

Whose name is a household word in British ski-ing circles, setting out for a run at Mürren. In this season's Scaramanga Challenge Cup race for roped pairs with Lord Knebworth he finished second

TAKING A BREATHER *L.N.A.*

Lady Milne and her son, Mr. G. O. Milne, photographed during a ski-run at Mürren. Mr. Milne is a member of that body of the elect which wears the K badge



Sport and General

LETTING THINGS SLIDE

When one has taken part in a Stick and Bottle race on the ice, one realises how easy it is to be led astray by the bottle—in this case an empty one! The photograph shows a race in progress at St. Moritz

in Winter Sports Land

Sport and General

"HAVE ONE WITH ME!"

Competitors take nourishment in the Milk and Bottle race in a gymkhana on the Ice Stadium at St. Moritz. The man's chief contribution to the proceedings is to empty the bottle held by his partner in the shortest possible time

L.N.A.

INTRODUCING MILLICENT

Curlers at Mürren make much of Millicent, the docile mascot of the curling club. The photograph shows Mr. J. Stenning (left), Mr. A. Dickson, and Mr. P. F. Shaw

Sport and General

LADY RACHAEL STUART

Who won first prize in the Figure Skating competition on the Suvretta House rink at St. Moritz. Lady Rachael has had considerable experience of skating in Canada

Central Press

MISS DOREEN ELLIOTT

Who is one of the most expert of lady skiers, and a winner of many competitions, photographed at Mürren. She is the present Hon Secretary of the Ladies' Ski Club

to the Front like prisoners going to execution—drawn faces, clenched mouths. So-called "charges" that were just a plodding walk through thick mud, and men mowed down on every side. And other things too awful to repeat . . . Just let's thank heaven it ended over nine years ago, and hope it'll never happen again, that's all.

卐

And let's flick or flash away over instead to somewhere thoroughly cheerful by way of a change, shall us? As, *par exemple,* the winter sports that at this very moment or instant are going strong and just about at their very brightest round St. Moritz way and other places where they ski, skate, bob, luge, or curl. Not to mention dance or cocktail—which also are, believe me, among the leading and most prosperous industries of the Snow Lands, even when the snow's no better than it should be, so to say. Not to mention, of course, merely *being* there, which alone is worth quite a lot more than the price of admission, in a manner of speaking. That marvellous crisp, clear, heavenly air that people *will* keep on saying's like champagne—whereas if any champagne that ever was on sea or land could ever begin to collect even one little decimal per cent. of its verve, pep, gip, and vim—well, it'd be worth at least £100 per bot. every time, and then some.

"The Puritans . . . who invented the English Sunday"

Whereas here in warmer London we sneeze, alas! I fear, and otherwise devote ourselves to exposition of Englishman's usual *sang froid* or . . . well, you know the translation. Reward for discovering cure of which, by the way, you know's been offered in U.S to amount of (paltry sum over there, of course) £40,000, but they don't seem to think, somehow, anyone's going to win it. All eminent M.D.s are able to tell us seeming to be just—Keep away from anyone else who's got one—and very good advice, too; and if I had *my* way, it'd be a criminal offence for anyone with even the first beginnings of a sniffle or snuffle to be seen about in public places; but then not everybody's got even common sense, have they?—not to mention the special kind.

卐

And talking of hygiene, and doctors, and all that sort of thing, absolutely ruined, they say, all the sweet-makers or manufacturers are these days owing to popular cult of slimness; but lamb chop and pineapple purveyors, contrariwise, must be positively making fortunes, not to mention stocking providers—even if skirt specialists aren't doing too awfully well. Likewise, as the polka and other ancient dances are apparently coming back—anyway, diligently pursued recently at the Kit-Cat.

With love,
Yours ever,
Blanchette.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

POT AND KETTLE AGAIN

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

When you are in the wrong yourself always blame your partner first, or, if he has made a mistake and you have also, point out his before he has time to remark on yours. Perhaps he hasn't noticed yours.

I referred to this agreeable little habit a few weeks ago, and recently I observed a striking example of it.

	S.—9, 7, 5. H.—K, 10, 6.	D.—Q. C.—J, 10, 9, 6, 5, 2.
S.—A, Q, J, 10, 8, 6, 2. H.—9, 8, 5. D.—10, 3. C.—3.	Y A B Z	S.—3. H.—J, 7, 4, 3. D.—9, 7, 6, 5, 4, 2. C.—A, 4.
	S.—K, 4. H.—A, Q, 2.	D.—A, K, J, 8. C.—K, Q, 8, 7.

Score game all, love all. Y dealt and bid "One Club"!! B, "No Bid"; Z, "One No Trump"; A, "Two Spades"; Y and B, "No Bid"; Z, "Two No Trumps"; A, "Three Spades"; Y and B, "No Bid"; Z, "Three No Trumps." All pass.

A started with his singleton 3 of Clubs, a very lucky lead as it happened, B took the trick with the Ace and led 3 of Spades. A made all his seven Spades, which, with the Ace of Clubs, put Z four tricks down—a loss of 200 points.

But the point was that Y was furious and accused his partner of gross gambling by continuing the No Trumper instead of supporting his Clubs!

This was truly amazing on the part of Y, as the disaster arose entirely from his initial iniquitous bid of "One Club."

To make an original bid of "One Club" without top honours and without a single quick trick in the hand is criminal. Z's bidding was quite justifiable. He had the alternative of doubling three Spades, which, as it happened, would have resulted in A being one down; but in his hand the "Three No Trumper" looked the better proposition. He naturally expected to find the Ace of Clubs with his partner and at least another King. If Y had called correctly Z could not go down.

Solution of Last Week's Double Dummy Problem.

	S.—None. H.—8, 3, 2.	D.—5, 4. C.—A, 6, 2.
S.—7, 5. H.—Q, 4. D.—8, 7. C.—K, 4.	Y A B Z	S.—4. H.—7, 6, 5. D.—K, 6. C.—7, 5.
	S.—8, 6. D.—J, 3, 2.	H.—J. C.—8, 3.

There are no Trumps. Z has the lead. Y Z have to take 5 of the 8 tricks against any possible defence.

Z leads Jack of Hearts.

Tricks	Z	A	Y	B
1	H-J	*H-Q a*	H-2	H-5
2	S-6	H-4	*H-8*	H-6
3	D-2	D-7	D-4	*D-K b*
4	C-3	Any	H-3	*H-7*

and Y Z make remaining four tricks.

(*b*) If B plays 6 of Diamonds at trick 3, then

3	*D-J*	D-7	D-4	D-6
4	*S-8*	S-5	C-2	S-4
5	D-2	D-8	D-5	*D-K*
6	D-3	S-7	H-3	*H-7*

and Y Z make the last two tricks,

or,

2	*S-6*	S-5	H-3	S-4
3	*S-8*	S-7	D-4	H-6
4	C-8	C-K	*C-A*	C-5
5	D-2	H-4	*H-8*	H-7
6	D-3	D-7	D-5	*D-K*

and Z makes his Jack of Diamonds,

or,

Tricks	Z	A	Y	B
2	D-J	D-7	D-4	D-6 (best)
3	D-2	D-8	D-5	*D-K*

and whatever B leads, Y Z make other four tricks,

or,

2	C-3	C-K	*C-A*	C-5
3	D-2	H-4	*H-8*	H-6
4	D-3	D-7	D-4	*D-K*
5	S-6	Any	H-3	*H-7*

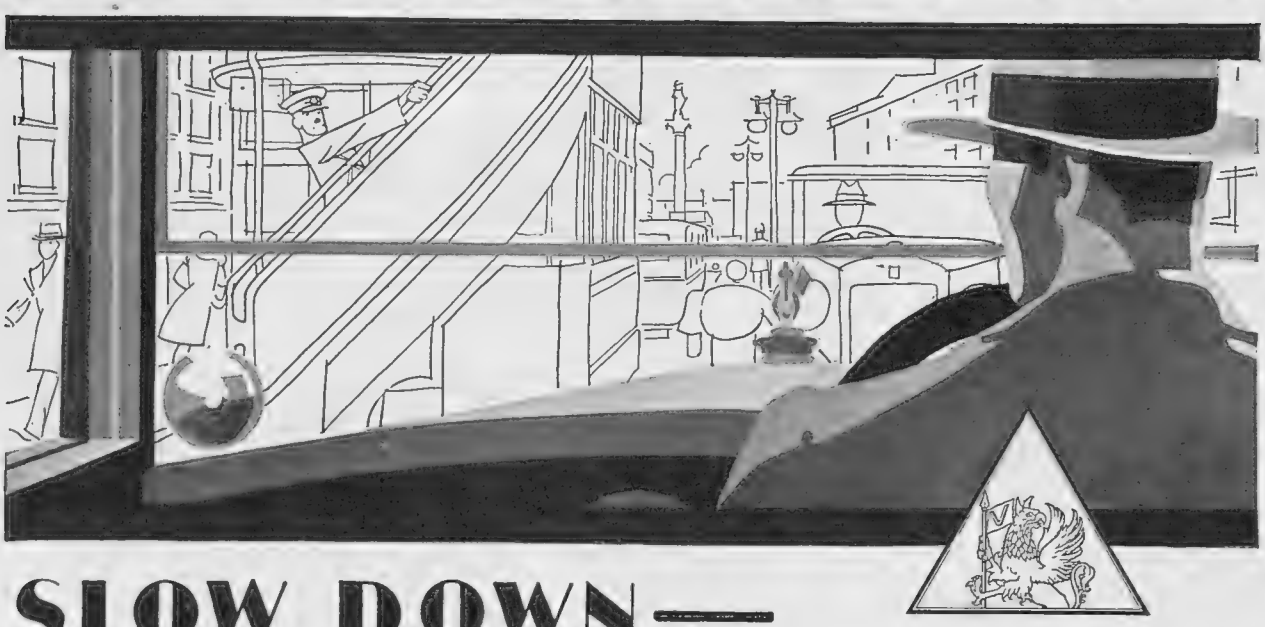
and Y Z make the last three tricks.

(*a*) If A plays 4 of Hearts at trick 1, then

1	*H-J*	H-4	H-2	H-5
2	C-8	*C-K*	C-2	C-5
3	C-3	C-4 (best)	*C-A*	C-7
4	S-6	S-5	*C-6*	D-6
5	D-2	D-7	D-4	*D-K*
6	D-3	*H-Q*	H-3	H-6

and Y Z make last two tricks.

BASIC BALANCE



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The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

THE "FLAT RACING SEASON" IN THE SOUTH *Sport and General*

The field photographed on the Croisette before the start of what proved to be a thrilling donkey race at Cannes. A donkey whose name is unrecorded (Mr. Edward Wallis up) was first past the post, and the winning jockey was awarded a banner by the Casino

Sport and General

A FAMILY GATHERING

The Dolly Sisters photographed with their father, Mr. Julius Dolly, in the grounds of the Carlton, at Cannes. Miss Rosie Dolly is out and about again after her recent indisposition

WE have had another week of wonderful weather, so calm and sunny every day that one visitor at least has been heard to express the fear that his hotel proprietor will increase his prices. There *are* some proprietors almost capable of charging extra for sunshine, but fortunately they are few in number. The sea has been like a blue lake, with scarcely a ripple on it, and swimming and boating have been freely indulged in. The sun has been so powerful that plenty of visitors have enjoyed motor picnics into the hills, the famous Gorges du Loup being, as usual, one of the favourite resorts. An open-air luncheon, sitting in the sun under the olive trees, with a marvellous panoramic view of the whole of the Riviera spread before one's eyes, is a real joy, especially for those who have just left England on a cold and dreary January day.

THE Duke of Connaught has been out daily, sometimes to spend a few hours in Nice, where he likes to explore the antique shops which abound, as Queen Mary certainly would if she were here, and sometimes to Monte Carlo, where he has on several recent occasions lunched with friends. He was at the finals of the professional tennis tournament at the Bristol courts at Beaulieu, and also attended the first of the symphony concerts conducted at Monte Carlo by Sir Henry J. Wood, with whom he had a friendly chat after the concert.

THE tennis season has been doing very well lately, thanks to the fine weather, and there seem to be rather more first-class players on the coast than is usual at this early stage in the season. In addition to the professional championships, there have been very interesting club tournaments at Nice, Monte Carlo, and Cannes, among the players at the latter being the Marquess of Cholmondeley, Lord Roundway, the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, Colonel Mayes, Aeschliman, de Stefani, and Miss Ryan, Miss Bennett, Miss Petchell, and Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield, all of them well worth watching at any time. The International Tournament at the New Courts Tennis Club at Cannes has just commenced, but the first day it rained, which was bad luck after so fine a spell. This club is the hobby of Mr. Frank Jay Gould, and is one of the most up-to-date and beautifully laid out on the whole Riviera.

AT BEAULIEU *Marc Le Noir*

Mrs. Phyllis Satterthwaite and K. Kozeluh waylaid by the photographer between games on the Beaulieu Courts. Kozeluh was the winner of the Professional Championship of France

WE have had excellent sport at the Polo Club at Mandelieu lately, and it is a delightful place in which to pass an afternoon. Last Sunday there were among the spectators a number of officers from the French warships then anchored in Golfe Juan, who came on to the special *thé dansant* at the Cercle Nautique afterwards. I thought I saw several guests trying hard to conceal a yawn, which was not perhaps so very surprising, for they had attended the opening of Scarjinsky's new cabaret, "Alma-viva," the night before—and made a real night of it. The ground floor of the Villa Adrienne was transformed into a rich red salon, with a golden ceiling and artistic lighting effects, while Jacques Zarou had brought from Bucharest one of the best orchestras we have yet heard in Cannes. So many people had resolved to be present at the opening night that it was not long before every available inch of floor space was covered with tables and chairs, and Scarjinsky's quaint and almost pathetic invitation to the guests to dance was received with roars of good-natured laughter, for everyone was prepared to make the best of the affair.

A HONEYMOON AT CANNES *Topical*

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald d'Erlanger making the most of the sunshine at Cannes, where they are spending their honeymoon. As Miss Edythe Baker, Mrs. d'Erlanger has a great following among London theatregoers

AMONG others who had managed to secure tables were Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, who were celebrating their wedding anniversary with friends, the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia (who had with him Baron Ramsay and the Marquis d'Assche), Prince Obolensky, Viscount Clemansin du Maine, Prince and Princess Renier de Bourbon-Siciles with a party of

AMONG THE ONLOOKERS *Sport and General*

Miss Mary Glynne (Mrs. Dennis Neilson-Terry), Mrs. George Butler, and Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry watching the Professional Lawn Tennis Tournament. The event took place at Beaulieu

TRANSATLANTIC VISITORS *P. and A.*

Admiral Burridge, U.S.N., with Mrs. and Miss Burridge, who joined the throng of spectators at the Beaulieu Tournament. Admiral Burridge's ship, the U.S.S. "Detroit," has been lying in Villefranche harbour

C. N. Daly

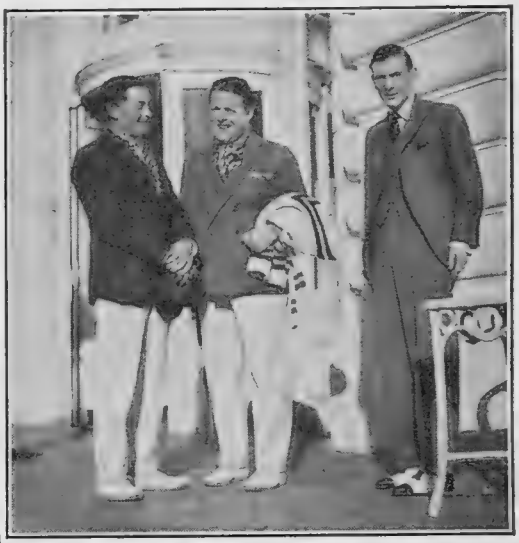
ON THE TERRACE

Dr. Harold Dearden and Mrs. Dearden on the terrace at Monte. His new play, "Two White Arms," was produced at the Ambassador's on Monday last

P. and A.

THE SEA! THE SEA!!

Miss Ruth Beri, the famous American dancer, photographed in particularly picturesque Riviera surroundings at Monte Carlo



C. N. Daly

IN THE SUNSHINE

Mr. Sam Darling, the well-known trainer (left), Mr. Clifford Whitley, and Mr. Victor Lomax at Beaulieu. They are seen on the steps of the Hôtel Bristol

Sport and General

CAUGHT ON COURT

Miss Eileen Bennett and Miss E. Petchell photographed during the tournament at Cannes. They were the finalists in the Ladies' Singles

Keystone

BEFORE THE MATCH

Count Salm of Austria (left) and his opponent, M. Rigard. They met in the International Tournament held at Cannes recently

relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Joseph, of New York and Aix-les-Bains, who brought with them Miss Sheila Locke, Mlle. de Derwies, and other young friends, Mr. and Mrs. Montague Grahame-White, Baron de Meyronnet de St. Marc, and countless more too crowded together to be easily identifiable. The sunrise was particularly fine.

S

THE re-opening of the Pavillon d'Armenonville was another event of special interest warmly welcomed, for this very elegant establishment, run extremely well by the genial M. Cerutti, the presiding genius at the Reserve at Ciboure and the Casino at St. Jean de Luz, is not only one of our smartest restaurants, but this season is to be added to the number of cabarets which will remain open all night, with special musical and variety attractions for the benefit of its guests.

S

CANNES is now getting ready for the Mimosa Fête, which is to be on a bigger scale than ever this year and will take place on January 28. The Automobile Concours d'Elegance is announced for February 10, and other festivals will follow at brief intervals. There has been a good deal of private entertaining in the town, and one of the smartest luncheon parties was that given at the Villa Mariposa, when Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse had as their guests Lord and Lady Aberconway, Lord and Lady Newborough, the Marquess of Donegall, Sir Charles and Lady Cayzer, Sir Henry Norman, the Hon. Stella Wynn, Captain Fitzpatrick Lewis and Constance Duchess of Westminster, Prince Obolensky, Count Koutousoff, Mrs. Laidlaw, and Mrs. Ralph Cazenove.

Navello

AT MONTE

Mademoiselle Alice Nikitina photographed in the sunshine of Monte Carlo. She is the celebrated and popular Russian dancer

C. N. Daly

MISS MARGERY LAWRENCE

The well-known authoress, photographed on the Riviera. She is seen here in the grounds of the Hôtel Metropole, Monte Carlo

S

THE Nice races are going on splendidly, and the Clerk of the Course has been very well served by the Clerk of the Weather up to now. They have been unlucky in one respect, for already three horses have met with fatal accidents; but apart from that the various meetings have been most successful. The record number of entries has produced some fine sport, and it promises well for the Cannes race meeting which is to follow, where there is a record prize list calculated to attract the best horses from all the leading Continental stables.

D. W. T.

To the Riviera by Air

Starting on March 1, a daily service of aeroplanes will be flown between Croydon and Cannes, leaving Croydon at 8 a.m. and arriving at Cannes at 6 p.m. The landing place at Cannes will be in front of the Croisette. The French Air Union, the company responsible for this innovation, is to be congratulated on its enterprise in arranging speedy and comfortable air travel to the Côte d'Azur.

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MEMORIES REFRESHED BY WORTHINGTON

THOSE *WERE* DAYS!

The Old Volunteers. When military moustaches were visible from behind and field days always ended up in the Blue Lion with Worthington all round. "Saturday afternoon soldiers" they called us then—but some of us have since proved that we could do it on other days too!

HUNTING NOTES by A.W. COATEN

Central Press

ARRIVING AT THE MEET

A photograph of the Portman pack arriving at the recent meet of the Portman held at Horton Inn. They are being led by the terrier

Cottesmore Future

We have to welcome Colonel Sidney Green to the list of new Masters. At the end of the season he is to join Mr. James Baird in hunting the Cottesmore country, which is an excellent arrangement for all concerned. For it is quite certain that the retirement of Mr. Baird would have been an appreciable loss to the country he has led so well during the past seven seasons, and which his father hunted with great success for a period of no less than twenty years. In addition, it is something to the benefit of foxhunting that so keen a foxhunter and so good a rider over Leicestershire as Colonel Green should have been induced to take this very responsible position. It seems, strangely enough, only the other day that we were congratulating him on having won the Grand National with Master Robert, whom he has owned in partnership with that other very ardent foxhunter, Lord Airlie.

In the Shires

While the Midland packs are by no means out of the wood so far as foot-and-mouth disease is concerned, the position is vastly better than it was at the beginning of the month. Unfortunately, another partial check came last week in the Quorn country. No sooner had that pack resumed operations than the report came of an outbreak of cattle disease at Anstey, near Leicester, which meant that hunting arrangements for the latter half of January had to be modified. The effect of the new outbreak was even more disastrous to the Atherstone, all of whose appointments have had to be cancelled again. Owing to the prevailing restrictions the Quorn were able to put in only a short day from Shoby Scoles last week, when the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry were among those out. On the same afternoon the Fernie were hunting in their Saturday country, and showed some capital sport. Much curiosity centres in the future of this pack in view of the resignations of Lord Stalbridge and Major Harold Wernher.

Alfieri

A DORSET HUNT

Colonel Inge and Mrs. Gough photographed at a recent meet of the Blackmore Vale. This was held at Sutton Montis House, near Sparkford

L.N.A.

MOVING OFF

Baroness Ravensdale having a chat with Capt. Tommy Graves. The photograph was taken at the recent meet of the Cottesmore at Stapleford Park

Walter Bale

WITH THE FERNIE

The Earl of Medina photographed with his cousin, Miss Georgina Wernher, at a recent meet of the Fernie. Lord Medina is son and heir to the Marquess of Milford Haven

Filling the Gaps

As I was able to announce last week, Mr. C. F. Tonge is leaving the Newmarket and Thurlow country in order to take over the Joint-Mastership of the Belvoir, and this causes a vacancy with the former pack. The Hunt Committee are seeking a new M.F.H. by means of advertisements. A number of other countries are adopting a similar procedure in the hope of suitably filling any vacancies. Lord Yarborough is anxious to find a sportsman who will assist him in the Brocklesby country next season. At present the duties of Joint-Master for that historic pack are being filled by his son, Lord Worsley. The advantage of hunting hounds two days a week is offered, the hounds being in the hands of the professional huntsman, Alf Peaker, on the remaining two days.

L.N.A.

IN LEICESTERSHIRE

Captain Euan Wallace and the Marquess of Titchfield waiting for hounds to move off on a recent day with the Cottesmore. The meet was at Whadborough Cross Roads

An Ancient Pack

THE history of the Brocklesby goes back for more than two centuries, and almost without a break the country has had a member of the Pelham family at its head. The district boasts a splendid lot of sporting farmers. A former Lord Yarborough was once asked how he was able to get such a good lot of farmers in his country. He replied, "We don't get them, we breed them." Foxes here may be described as being of the old-fashioned straight-necked variety, and the sportsman who is selected to take Lord Worsley's place is assured of plenty of good fun with one of the few surviving private packs. While the "capping" system is almost general in foxhunting today, it has not yet reached the Brocklesby country.

Railway Concessions

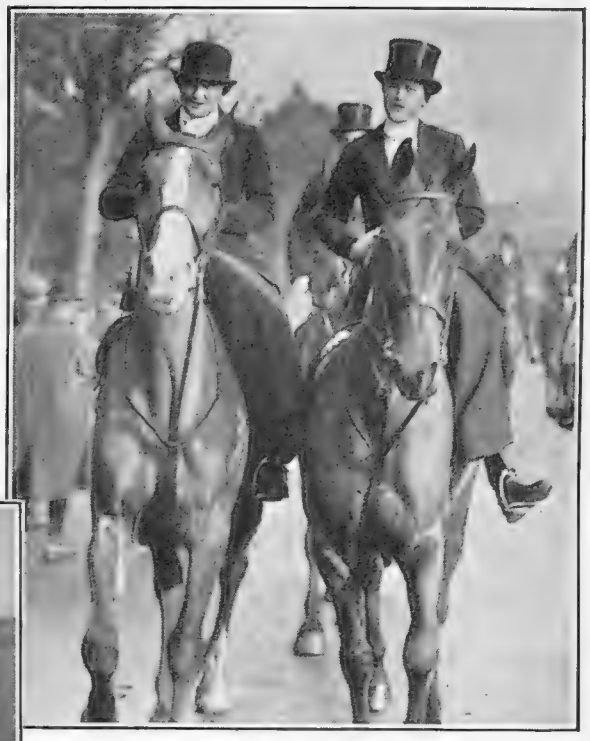
HUNTING people will rejoice to hear of the concessions which are now extended to them by the London and North Eastern Railway, and will hope that the new arrangements on that system will extend over other lines. The L.N.E.R. announce that return tickets available for the day of issue only are now issued to people travelling for hunting purposes and their grooms, also to huntsmen in charge of hounds, at a single fare and a half for the double journey, minimum 1s. per passenger. Hunting horses are also conveyed on similar terms, the minimum rate being 12s. for the double journey. The cheap fares also apply to members of beagle foot clubs and otter hunts when travelling return journey by rail for the purpose of attending the hunts. This concession should prove to be very popular with hunting folk who have to travel by train. Any saving, however small, which tends to reduce the expenses of hunt establishments is heartily to be welcomed.

A. W. C.

B.I.

THE EARL OF FAVERSHAM

Arriving at a recent meet at Great Barugh. He has been hunting with the Sinnington



L.N.A.

"AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER"

Miss Monica Sherriff (left) and Mrs. Dudley Coats arriving at the after-the-ball meet of the Quorn. Hounds met at Egerton Park, Melton Mowbray

Central Press

"THE THIN RED LINE"—HUNTING VERSION

Members of the field moving off to the draw at a recent meet of the Blackmore Vale The meet took place at Limington

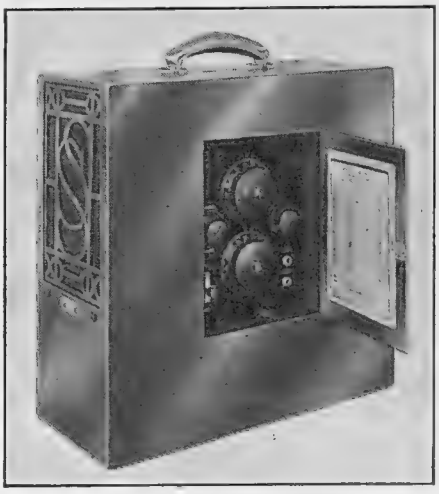
RADIO NOTES

By J. H. REYNER, B.Sc., A.C.G.I., A.M.I.E.E., M.I.R.E.

THE completely self-contained receiver has always exercised a fascination for many people. In particular, those whose interest in wireless lies solely in the reception of the programmes appreciate the absence of any straggling wires and external connections. The feeling has led to the demand for (and, more recently, to the supply of) completely self-contained receivers carrying all batteries, valves, and aerial system inside a cabinet. Whether this cabinet shall be portable, in the strict sense of the word, or not, depends upon the circumstances, the main feature being the self-contained aspect of the equipment.

THE design of such receivers requires a certain amount of skill. In the ordinary receiver we set up an elevated conductor or aerial in which impulses are produced by the wireless waves. With the self-contained type of set the aerial system is confined within the limits of the case. As no aerial is employed a slightly different arrangement has to be adopted, and the aerial system is made in the form of a frame consisting of a number of turns of wire wound on a suitable skeleton framework. It will be clear at once that the energy received on a very small collector of this type is seriously limited, and, in general, is twenty to thirty times smaller than is obtainable from the same station on an ordinary outside aerial.

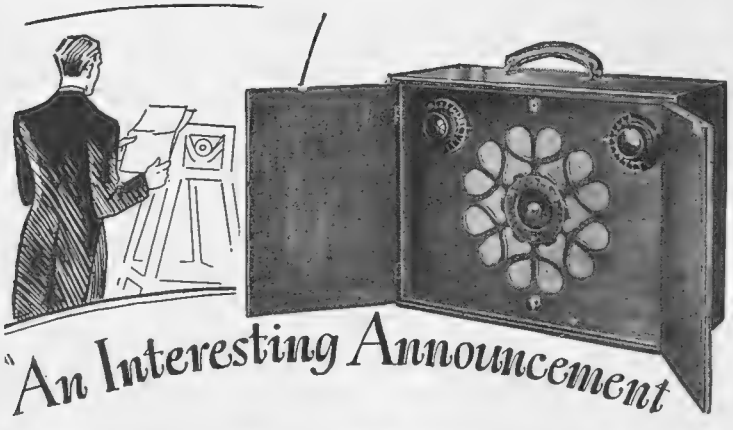
EFFICIENT amplifying apparatus is necessary, therefore, and in the early days of wireless this was not forthcoming. The British designers, however, have delved to the root of the problem, and there is now a goodly selection of receivers capable of giving definitely satisfactory results. The simplest types content themselves with receiving comparatively nearby stations, while the more expensive types can receive quite a number of foreign stations at good loud-speaker strength.



THE SELECTOR SUPER
A seven-valve receiver utilising the Super-heterodyne principle

EXCELLENT examples of this good workmanship are the Selector receivers. A simple three-valve receiver is marketed capable of giving good loud-speaker results at a radius of 20 miles from a main station and 70 to 80 miles from Daventry, 5GB. Loud-speaker, aerial system, and all batteries are housed within the case. More elaborate is the Selector Super, which is a seven-valve receiver utilising the Super-heterodyne principle. By this means a high degree of amplification is obtainable with very simple control, and I was agreeably impressed with the performance of the set.

THIRTY stations to select from is the claim made by the manufacturers, so that there is always a good choice of programmes. Naturally, only a proportion of these stations could be received any and every evening, for distant reception has strange vagaries of its own, and the more remote stations are received better at some times than at others. Withal, this receiver is undoubtedly a powerful yet simple model, capable of providing a great deal of enjoyment. The settings of the various stations are logged on a chart, so that even the uninitiated will have little difficulty in learning how to tune in. The instrument sells at 55 guineas complete.



"An Interesting Announcement

WE have produced a Radio Receiving instrument that is suitable for use in any home and which can easily be operated by any member of the household. After once being set for reception of the Local Station the set is merely turned on or off by the operation of one small knob.

The "**Selector Three**" Portable Receiver does not require the erection of an unsightly external aerial or earth, in fact it does not need any wires at all to be connected to it. It can be carried from room to room while actually in use.

The "**Selector Three**" receives your local station at loud speaker strength, the speaker being contained in the cabinet; the whole set is completely self-contained.

Owners of Gramophones will find that the "**Selector Three,**" which is fitted with a socket for use with gramophone pick-ups, will secure not only greater volume from their records, but what is more important, greatly improved clarity of musical reproduction. The purity and volume of the "**Selector Three**" is most marked and has much to do with the great popularity this receiver has attained throughout the British Isles.

Inclusive Price. Ready for immediate use.

In Oak Cabinet 18 Guineas. In Mahogany Cabinet 19 Guineas.

Obtainable from all Stores and Radio Dealers.

FREE DEMONSTRATIONS ARRANGED WITHOUT OBLIGATION.

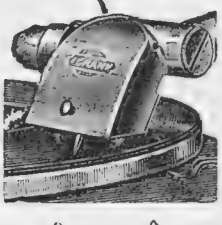
A descriptive Folder will be sent to all who write the Sole Manufacturers.

SELECTORS LIMITED
1, Dover Street, London, W.1.
Telephone: REGENT 4771/2.

The price of the PHONOVOX complete with Plug Adaptor and Volume Control is only

50/-

All reports received by us of difficulty in obtaining the PHONOVOX receive immediate attention.



They won't guess it's a gramophone

Far too true-to-life for a gramophone and of course it's louder. It cannot be wireless, because it plays when the B.B.C. have closed down.

You will explain. It *is* a gramophone. That old one which you had tired of and discarded some time ago. You have fitted

THE IGRANIC-PACENT
PHONOVOX

instead of the sound box and connected it to the wireless set. It only took a minute. Now you have wonderfully realistic music at comfortable volume whenever you wish, and without any of that disconcerting needle scratch. Dance music when you like and music during that dry-as-dust broadcast lecture. Why not put yourself in this position?

List No. J430 gives full information.

IGRANIC ELECTRIC CO., LTD.,
149, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4
Works: Bedford.
Branches: Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Glasgow, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle.

Have you tried the 'Ivory' tip?

"Oh, doesn't it look smart — so white and smooth and shiny!"
"Now put it between those provoking lips of yours, light up, and see how jolly it feels."
"It's certainly built for comfort. And it's the first tip I've met that you can't taste."

"You could actually light this cigarette tipside down, and still it wouldn't taste any different. That shows how pure the 'Ivory' tip is. . . Any complaints about the cigarette?"
"My dear man, who could ask for anything better than a De Reszke?"

DE RESZKE

'Ivory'-tipped or Plain

Virginias - 10 for 6d.

20 for 1/-
50 for 2/6

J. MILLHOFF & CO. LTD., 86 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

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Painted by W. Sindy Sadler. London. Published 1st June 1928 by John Dewar & Sons Ltd. Dewar House, S.W.1 the Proprietors of the Copyright. Etched by C.O. Murray.

"A LOVING TOAST."

Here's to the glory of friendship! How great the privilege of pledging another all that is worth while with a ring of sincerity as true as the merits of —

DEWAR'S

MOTOR NOTES

IN WINTER'S GRIP

A Rover "Ten" Weymann Saloon making the best of the recent snowy conditions. The photograph was taken in Surrey

FOLLOWING hard on the heels of the Bruces' A.C. "Six," a Singer "Junior" carried out another astonishing performance at Montlhéry track during the Arctic weather that we had at the New Year. In the hands of Mr. E. W. Deeley (a well-known Aylesbury motor agent), his wife and two others, it ran for six days and nights at an average speed of just under 40 m.p.h., covering 5,671½ miles. The original intention was to cover 6,000 miles, but the weather was against them from the start, and it is very surprising that they put up as good an average as they did. The car ran like clockwork from first to last, and would have done an average of well over 40 m.p.h. but for a delay of five hours on the last day, when it was impossible to run the car on the track at all owing to ice. Earlier on there had been a gale which slowed the car to 28 m.p.h. in one direction and urged it up to 55 m.p.h. in the other! The actual running speed worked out at 42.84 m.p.h. for the whole distance, and the fastest lap was at a fraction under 50 m.p.h. For an ordinary standard £140 two-seater of only 7.8 h.p. Treasury rating, run the whole time with the hood and side-screens up, these are amazing figures, and reflect the greatest credit on all concerned. The absolute reliability of the little Singer is shown by the official average speeds for various distances, which worked out as follows: 1,000 miles, 42.47 m.p.h.; 2,000 miles, 42.45 m.p.h.; 3,000 miles, 41.93 m.p.h.; 4,000 miles, 42.2 m.p.h. Then snow fell and the track became covered with ice, so that at 5,000 miles the speed had dropped to 40.96 m.p.h.

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A FEATURE of the Monte Carlo rally (which at the time of writing is still in the future) is the large number of light cars selected for the run from distant points of Europe to the capital of the small Principality by the blue Mediterranean. In this event, which is open to private owners, the competitors have every interest in carrying the greatest number of passengers the greatest distance in cars having the smallest engines. On this occasion the smallest cars, all of which were driven by their owners, were 9 h.p. Fiats. One of these was to be driven by Mr. Malaret a distance of 1,641 miles from Koenigsberg; a second and similar car was to start from the same town with Mr. Pieter Bon Czn at the wheel; a third, driven by Mr. Jacques Bignan, was travelling 1,882 miles from Bucharest; and a fourth, driven by Mr. F. W. Murray, should cover 1,528 miles from John O'Groat's. The rally, which constitutes a wonderful demonstration of the reliability of the modern car, has united a number of machines of every possible type and make. France was to be represented by 43 cars, England by 10, Germany and Austria by 9, Italy by 8, and Belgium by 2.

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THE Dunlop Rubber Company have always realised that healthy relations between employers and employed must form the basis of any efficient commercial activity. Opening the new Joint Factory Council Chamber at Fort Dunlop recently, Sir Eric Geddes described it as "a tangible expression of the get-together spirit." The Council consists of forty-three workers—twelve of whom are women—and eighteen members representing the directors, and its main purpose is to investigate grievances, discuss mutual problems, and avoid disputes. "It is really a Parliament," said Sir Eric; "it provides a constitutional means for the ventilation of grievances. In the old days workers knew nothing and cared less about the difficulties of management, but Works Committees and the Factory Council have shown the difficulties to the operatives and have forged a bond of sympathy which is to our common good. The Joint Factory Council to-day deals with all matters relating to factory work and conditions of service. They have a canteen with a turnover of £40,000 a year. The board and management are absolutely determined to go on establishing piecework rates. For that is the fundamental basis for confidence and additional effort. Had the various problems not been tackled and peace secured the industry itself might have been lost to the foreigner." It will be recalled that just recently Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley, acting on behalf of the Dunlop Rubber Company, purchased the Crown lease of St. James's House, St. James's Street, S.W.

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ON all sides one hears the same story of the decline of the open car at an ever-increasing pace. It seems only a year or two ago that we read with astonishment that more than half the cars sold carried closed bodies of one kind or another. Nowadays the proportion in all but the cheapest light cars, at any rate, must be something like twenty to one. The Crossley people were telling me the other day that the demand for touring cars has dwindled so far that "practically everyone wants a closed car. The climate, of course, accounts largely for this," they said, "but there is also the fact that a fabric-covered closed car costs very little more than an open tourer."

***

AT this time of the year it is, of course, natural that most of the orders going through are for closed cars. There is nothing new in that. But the difference this time is that even the return of another spring—when the pendulum should swing the other way—will make very little difference. One feels, with regret—for many of us are still at heart lovers of the open air and an "honest blow"—that by next Olympia the open body will be catalogued by most of the more expensive makes as a "standard extra" at perhaps £50 or £100 more than the saloon, and no one will buy it except those courageous people whom we call cranks.

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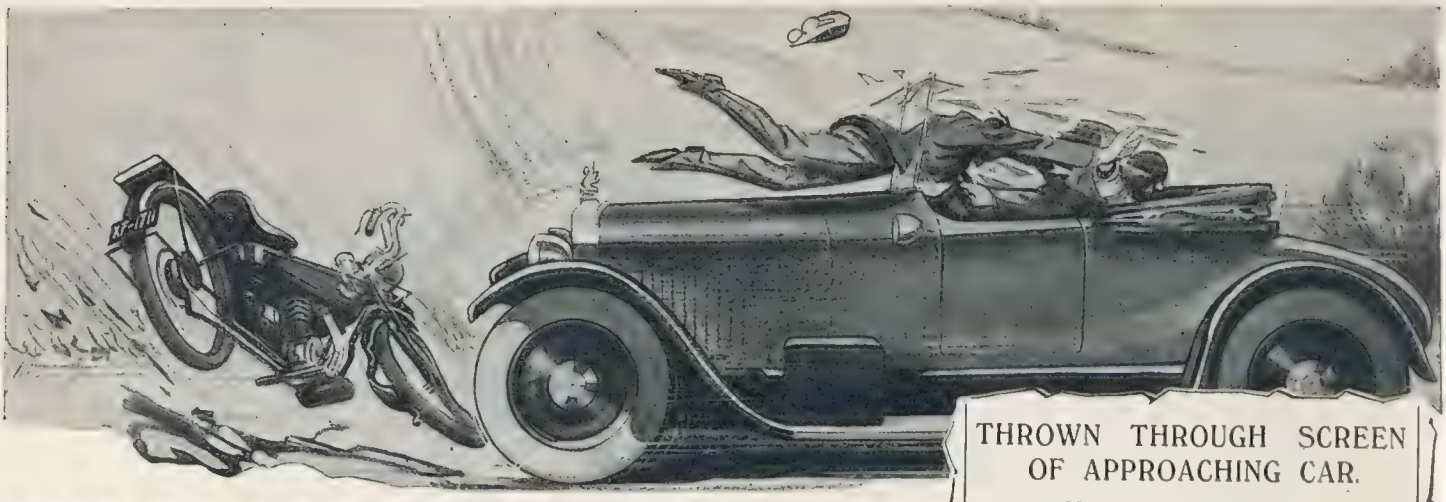
THE ordinary type of rubber tubing used with suction windscreen wipers is a well-known source of trouble to motorists, who are continually replacing the worn-out and leaking tubing on their cars. Messrs. Ripaults, of King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1, after carrying out many experiments in connection with this matter, are now marketing a tubing which they claim to be practically indestructible and entirely unaffected by water, heat, petrol, or oil. The interior appears to be very thick rubber and a glossy, waterproof, yet flexible sheathing. Although the standard finish is black, the tubing may be manufactured in any colour.

E. M. WRIGHT.

AFTER THE RUN

Mr. E. W. Deeley at the wheel of a new Singer "Junior." He recently carried out a strenuous six-day speed test of this car on the track at Montlhéry



THROWN THROUGH SCREEN OF APPROACHING CAR.

Motor-Cyclist's Crash.

Whilst motoring near Wellingborough, Harold K. [redacted] a Salford mechanic, crashed into a twelve-foot bank at the side of the main road between Wellingborough and Kettering.

He was thrown clean through the windscreen into a passing two-seater car, driven by T. [redacted] of Peterborough, and received numerous cuts. Mrs. [redacted] on whom he fell, was also injured.

Extract from the "Manchester Guardian" 4th July, 1927.

CUT BY GLASS—

BY careful driving many accidents may be avoided, but as our illustration shows, other road users may involve you Official statistics prove that ordinary glass is responsible for the majority of personal injuries in accidents. Eliminate this ever-present peril by fitting your car with *Triplex*—the glass that cannot splinter.

Normal orders for Triplex can now be despatched within ten days and delivered free throughout the United Kingdom.

DON'T BE PUT OFF

Fit "Triplex" and be Safe

REG'D

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Also The Triplex Safety Glass Co. of North America, Inc., 75, West Street, New York.

THE "NIPPY TEN"
THE FULL-SIZE CAR THAT COSTS
LEAST TO RUN—

-THE 10/25 H.P. ROVER

First cost is not everything when buying a car: *running costs* go on week after week, month after month. And there is no need to put up with cramped discomfort in order to obtain low running cost. The 10/25 h.p. Rover combines roomy bodywork (48 ins. wide inside) with economical upkeep — a penny-half-penny per mile covers running cost. Write for full details of this; they will be sent with pleasure.

"PARIS" or "RIVIERA" (folding roof) WEYMANN SALOONS (as illustrated) **£250**

There are other 10/25 h.p. models from £220.

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY.

LONDON: 61 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

FAITHFUL SERVICE

A quality that is built into every "Swan" Pen

A GREAT many "Swans" have earned the right to pass their old age in leisured ease and retirement.

But few actually do. Years of intimate association with the daily life of their owners form a bond of friendship which is not easily broken.

The unremitting toil of a lifetime finds the "Swan" still ready to serve and please.

OF STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Self-filling "Swans" from 15/- Other "Swans" from 10/6

Illustrated List post free.

"SWAN" PEN

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD., Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Branches: 79, High Holborn, W.C.1; 114, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95, Regent Street, W.1, and at 3, Exchange Street, Manchester.

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

"Resiflex" over-knee gaiters for walking, motoring, or sports wear provide protection. They fit beautifully and are very smart

Coming Colours

WHILE over here we still cling to our sombre black, navy, and brown, those in the South are wearing the colours to come. And what are they? Yellow, we hear—that lovely shade known as banana—and a number of soft blues. The colour to which is promised a glowing future is a wonderful tone called apricot-beige. It is quite distinct from *bois de rose*, neither has it any yellow tinge. It is warm, rich, and extremely becoming.

Length Cleverly Suggested

THE normal waistline is now a definite institution in all except sports clothes. But women have learnt to be sceptical about any promises in its direction. The fear (if they are not as slender as they once were) that the Empire line hinted at in more than one collection of gowns last season is still very real. The lengthening of frocks is gradual, cleverly suggested by flounces arranged diagonally, by drapery and panels. But practical clothes for walking and sports only show at the most 1½in. more than before.

Metal Effects

THESE continue to please as much as ever in sports clothes. One remembers the amazement first caused by the union of tinsel threads with those of wool. In the new stockinettes there are a number of open weaves, and lace wool patterns are unending in their variety. Gilt and steel buttons are used extensively, and, on the suits they trim, chains of matching metal form the belt. In cases where a leather *ceinture* marks the waistline, the buckle of this, in its turn, emphasises the metal note.

Scallops and Woollen Fringe

ON frocks made in silken fabrics, scalloped borders are an old story. The surprise comes when they are used to edge dresses of woollen material. Another mode of trimming country clothes is with woollen fringe. This edges the side fastening of coats and the "wrap" of their accompanying skirts. Long coats and those of jumper and cardigan persuasion may adopt the cross-over type of closing. In some instances a row of buttons stresses this uneven line.

Plaid and Plain

THIS voices the song of the latest sports suit, and it's a catching one, with many a variation! For instance, the plaid may be used for trimming only, or it may form a pleated skirt worn with a short, plain coat, the checked refrain being taken up by the woollen scarf. A top coat of plaid will cover a jersey-frock in one of its several colours. But newest of all is the military cape of plaid cloth over a dress which boasts a jauntily tied kerchief in plaid silk. And—talking about capes—they're things that are going to matter a lot this Spring. Nor are they always of the enveloping kind either. The already much-discussed seven-eighths coat length applies to them as well.

The New Gaiters

AT this time of year, how to keep the legs warm and the stockings clean and dry is a problem that has to be faced. Possibly it is one which has caused more puzzling of brains than any other dress question of recent years. There have, of course, been various ways of covering a considerable part of the lower stocking. But the knees, most maligned of members, continued to assert themselves the more in comparison! Now, thanks to "Resiflex" over-knee gaiters, women can cease to be self-conscious. They will look the nicer too in consequence.

A Perfect Fit

THERE are gaiters and gaiters. Better none at all than those which don't "fit." "Resiflex" gaiters do, and, like the proverbial glove. That's why they are so much in demand for all occasions! Supple and clinging, they are ideal for sports where anything stiff is not to be contemplated. Another desirable quality is warmth. This is assured, for the fabric of which they are made is specially proofed, fleecy-lined stockinette. Various shades and shoe sizes are available. If preferred,

"Delysia," Courtauld's lovely new fabric, is suitable for gossamer-like evening frocks as well as very attractive lingerie

Sketches by Beta

A sports suit in featherweight waterproofed silk is obtainable in numerous colourings, and comes from Elverys, 31, Conduit Street, W.

another kind is made with "Tricosyl" plaited art silk finish. This gives the appearance of a beautifully fitting stocking. The "Resiflex" label stamps all these gaiters, which may be bought from the leading drapers and stores.

For Frocks and Lingerie

GOOD dressing means good information. It is not merely a knowledge of the latest line. Style, colour and material, these must be up to date, too, chosen with a touch of genius. The material question is so subtle to-day that if its fabric is wrong a frock is doomed, no matter how immaculate the cut. A gown or *lingerie* made in "Delysia," Courtauld's most recent inspiration, is always a success. It is exquisitely soft, and lends itself to two of the leading modes of the moment—draping and pleating. The flounced frock, or one with the new fullness (such as is sketched on the previous page), is charming in "Delysia."

The Fashionable Fabric

ONCE *lingerie* fashions were looked upon as almost stationary. What a different story it is to-day, when they change their styles and, in fact, their names so frequently. Every woman has her own particular taste regarding patterns in undies, and, as likely as not, she makes them herself. One reason for this is "Delysia." That is not surprising, for the finest hand stitchery shows to best advantage when used to adorn it. Modern Eve is practical; therefore, the fact that "Delysia" washes beautifully is a great point in its favour. Another is its many delicious colourings, not to mention an attractive price (3s. 11½d. a yard, from 37-38in. wide). "Delysia" may be bought from all the leading drapers, who also stock ready-to-wear garments made in the same fascinating fabric.

The Waterproofed Sports Suit

THE sports woman now does not look upon the arrival of a wet day with the dismay she might have some time ago. On the contrary, the possession of a gay waterproof suit adds a new brightness to dull days! Hers is a delightful outfit (behold it above) in featherweight silk. The trim, short coat is belted and the skirt buttons from waist to hem at the side of the front. This allows it to be put over the tweed one and to be slipped off at will. There is a flat envelope to match, into which the suit fits for carrying. From Elverys, 31, Conduit Street, the silk suit, in charming colourings, is 4½ gns., and the same model in Indiana cotton, 3½ gns.

Above is an immaculate raincoat in beige waterproofed tweed, and worn with a hat in featherweight silk, from Elverys

Sketches by Margot

Tweed, Suède and Leather

BRAVING the elements in a raincoat that doesn't look like one has its advantages. It's easy to do so, too, if one possesses the model sketched in the centre. Carried out in waterproofed tweed, and belted from side to side in front only, it makes the smartest of Spring overcoats at 4½ gns. The hat in featherweight silk is 18s. 6d. If rumour can be trusted, and it was right last year, short jackets of *suède* in lovely colourings will be worn more than ever with tweed skirts this Spring. Elverys is, therefore, the place to visit. They have a number of these attractive little coats from 3½ gns. Leather ones in a three-quarter length from 8 gns. should appeal to the woman driver.

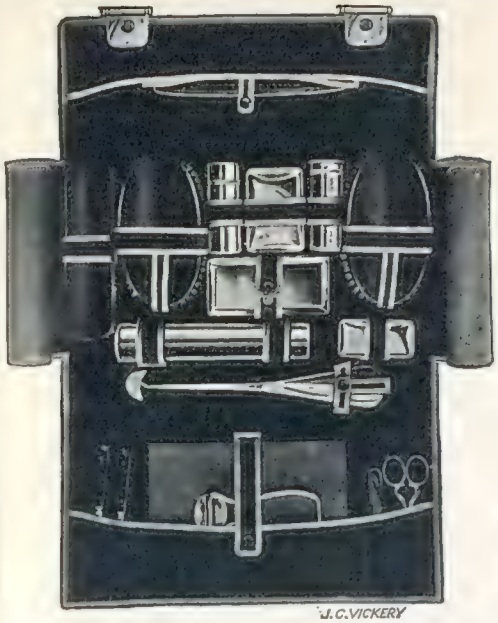
Broadtail and Lynx

SOME things never come too late. One of them is a fur coat. Whatever may have been said about furs in the past, nowadays they are in season the whole year round. Black Broadtail, the most fashionable fur of the year, has, in the coat sketched, decided in favour of Lynx as trimming—a very beautiful contrast. A great deal might be said about the lining of heavy *crêpe de Chine* patterned in shaded rose-pink flowers. This model is one of the many rare bargains to be found at the Court Fur Stores, 266-270, Regent Street (Oxford Circus). It costs 75 gns. Real grey Squirrel coats at 55 gns. are other temptations.

Small Furs for Collarless Coats

THE collarless coat is among Spring edicts. This means that the small fur will be very popular. Red, grey, or brown foxes may be bought from 5 gns. at the Court Fur Stores. Or, again, sable. Does it sound too good to be true? A choker tie in this, loveliest of furs, is 7½ gns!

On the right, a luxurious fur coat of black broadtail is trimmed with lynx. It may be seen at The Court Fur Stores, 266-270, Regent Street, W.



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For Motoring Week-ends, Sea Trips, &c.

***Vickery's** popular fold-up Dressing Cases.*

Write for Catalogue of Novelties.

No. M 1000.—**Gent's Pigskin Fold-up Dressing Case,** with finest Ebony and Nickel Toilet Fittings.
13½ by 7½ by 2½ in., **£7 2s. 6d.**

With Finest African Ivory Brushes, **£15.**

Made with any fittings to order.

J·C VICKERY·
145 & 147 REGENT ST. LONDON. W·1·
By Appointment
Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King
Jeweller to H.M. the Queen
Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society Men and Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour

FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

The One Method Endorsed by the Press.

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'Facktative' certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use."—"There are other points which commend it; its admirable effects upon the general health and condition of the hair, *and so on; but it is in its* wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour *to the hair that its chief interest lies."*

"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

"'Facktative' is nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise . . . I have personally used this restorative . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish."—HYGEIA (*Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty"*).

Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the "FACKTATIVE" Co. (Suite 62), 66 Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelops.*

Remarkable results follow this method.

Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this. When the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and scrub it as hard as you can. Not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair, and not a dye or stain.

IMPROVES HAIR HEALTH & BEAUTY

Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff.

It invigorates and vitalises the hair and promotes a strong luxuriant growth.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE.

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write to-day to the "FACKTATIVE" Co. (Suite 62), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dye or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

THE OPEN-AIR JOURNAL

for Out-of-Door People

All the world and his wife are games players in these days, and the paper they want to read is

The Illustrated
SPORTING & DRAMATIC News

which is one of the oldest and yet one of the youngest of the great illustrated weeklies.

Every week it brings to your door a budget of the best pictures of current sport from every land. It also has the most graphic illustrations of the drama.

ONE SHILLING WEEKLY
Publishing Office: 16, Essex Street, Strand, London.

North African Motor Tours

Private Tours by Highest Grade 3, 4 or 5-Seater Cars —Landaulet or Limousine. Grouped Tours (ten persons only) by Landaulet type or Limousine Touring Cars.

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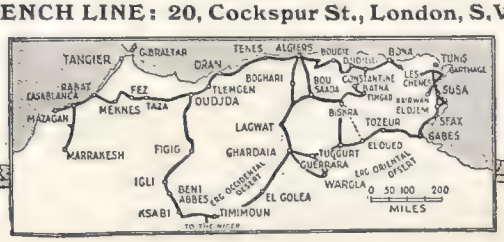

The Coming Cruft's

Sense and Sentimentality

By "THE KENNELMAN"

YOUNG though the year is, we're already within a fortnight of the biggest Dog Show it is likely to bring: Cruft's famous International at the Royal Agricultural Hall on February 8 and 9. There's no other in the world that attracts the close neighbourhood of ten thousand entries and whose exhibits represent the most celebrated kennels in every breed. Even as the Kennel Club's Show in autumn is the most classic and authoritative, so Cruft's is the biggest and most democratic; and this year is to bring the beating of several records, along with visits from judges and fanciers from as far afield as California and India: a wonderful doggy gathering from which novices and veterans will all be able to learn a good deal.

Like the racing and boxing enthusiasts, Dog fanciers often refer to Lord Lonsdale as the G.O.M. of sport, but when you see him following Dogs across stubble, for instance, it makes you doubt if one so keen and vigorous will ever be an old man, in the slippered ease sense, for he seems just as active as any of the youngsters still. However, the celebration of his golden wedding approaches, and it's said both the Earl and his Countess would like the proposed presentation fund to be devoted to the endowment in their name of a convalescent home for incapacitated sportsmen—a very kindly, British notion. Subscriptions (limited to one guinea) should be sent to Mr. Chas. E. Howard, Coombe Park, Whitchurch, Reading, the Hon. Treasurer of the Fund, and Dog-lovers should be well to the fore.

The January issue of *The Kennel Gazette* furnishes a necessary work of reference for Dog fanciers, including those who make the mistake of not preserving other issues, if only for the sake of its Index to Vol. 48 and its Summary of Events in 1927. Indeed, whatever else the doggy man or woman's bookshelves lack, they should have the *Gazette* and the annual K.C. Stud Book and Calendar; and, one would like to add, *The Animals' Advocate* (the monthly organ of the P.D.S.A.), not to mention THE BYSTANDER! A new journal called *The Shepherd Dog Magazine* appeals specially to Alsatian enthusiasts.

A lady who is well known in the home counties as a breeder of winning Dogs (in two varieties) writes:—"It seems that men can be almost worse than women in letting sentimentality outweigh sense where their Dogs are concerned; especially in the vital matter of feeding, which affects their health and happiness more than any other one thing. Imagine such bosh as this, printed in authoritative quarters:—'Nothing he likes better than turkey, sausage, ham, and the many appetising things to be found on the average dinner table; and there is no reason why he should not be given them. . . .' Why not kippers and pickles and lots of hot anchovy paste while one's about it? For goodness' sake, think of the Dog's real welfare, not our own silly gratification, and stick to foods that keep him really fit and well and jolly: good red lean meat and broken biscuit (crisped up in the oven for extra pleasure, if you will), and if a change is wanted for feasting the real tip is, none of your turkey and sausage nonsense, but well-cooked rabbit-flesh (with never a particle of bone; these being deadly-splintery), with some of its liquor over the biscuit. Dogs relish this even when very ill; it suits a sick Dog better than chicken, and stays by him more. 'Sausage and ham,' indeed! But I will say you never see such rubbish in THE BYSTANDER!"

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The MENU

DANCE REFRESHMENTS

Pâté de Foie Gras Sandwiches.
Potted Chicken, Ham or Game Sandwiches.
Boned Turkey.
Oyster Patties. Lobster Mayonnaise.
Chocolate Eclairs. Claret Jelly. Pineapple Salad. Ices.
Hot Soup (Served in Cups to Each Guest when Leaving).
Claret Cup. Lemonade. Coffee.

Boned Turkey

Have a turkey boned, and lay it with the inside uppermost; cut the meat from the thick parts and distribute it equally over the inside, season with salt and pepper. Make some forcemeat with veal, ham and truffles, put a layer of this over the meat of the bird, then a layer of sliced tongue, then another layer of turkey, then forcemeat, then tongue and truffles. Roll it up, tie it with tape, and put it into a buttered cloth in a stewpan with two carrots, two onions, a stick of celery, some parsley and peppercorns, and sufficient white stock to cover it. Let it simmer gently for three hours, strain, and let it get cold; remove the cloth, and glaze it all over; if any glaze is left cut it into various strips and lozenge shapes, and garnish the dish with it. This is an excellent cold dish, and suitable for a dance supper.

Oyster Patties

Parboil two dozen oysters in their own liquor, remove the beards, strain the liquor, and cut up the oysters in three. Melt two oz. of butter, stir in 1 oz. of flour and three tablespoonfuls of milk and a little of the oyster liquor, put in the oysters, let them heat gradually, season, and add a little lemon-juice. Have ready some puff pastry, line some patty pans with it, put a piece of bread in each, put on the covers, brush over with egg, and bake. When done enough remove the piece of bread and fill with the oyster mixture; put on the covers. They can be served hot or cold.

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Soak an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of water for twenty minutes, then put it into a saucepan, and add a quart bottle of claret, three-quarters of a pound of castor sugar, the rind and juice of one large lemon, and a teaspoonful of raspberry or blackberry jelly. Mix well together; then set the pan on a slow fire and stir the jelly till nearly boiling; then strain through muslin into a basin; add a glass of brandy, and stir it till nearly cold; then pour it into a mould to set. Emilia.

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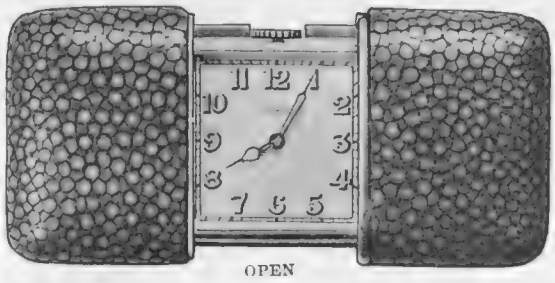

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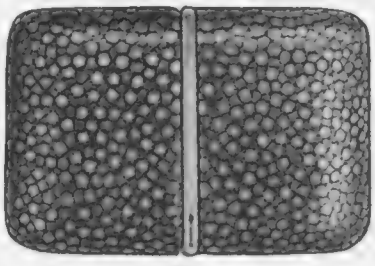

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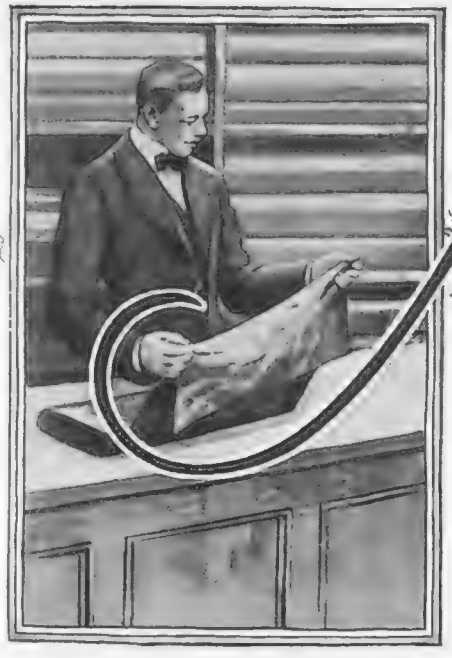

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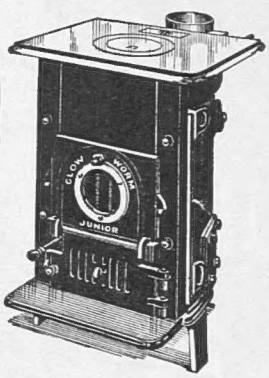

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